

THE BOMB



1902

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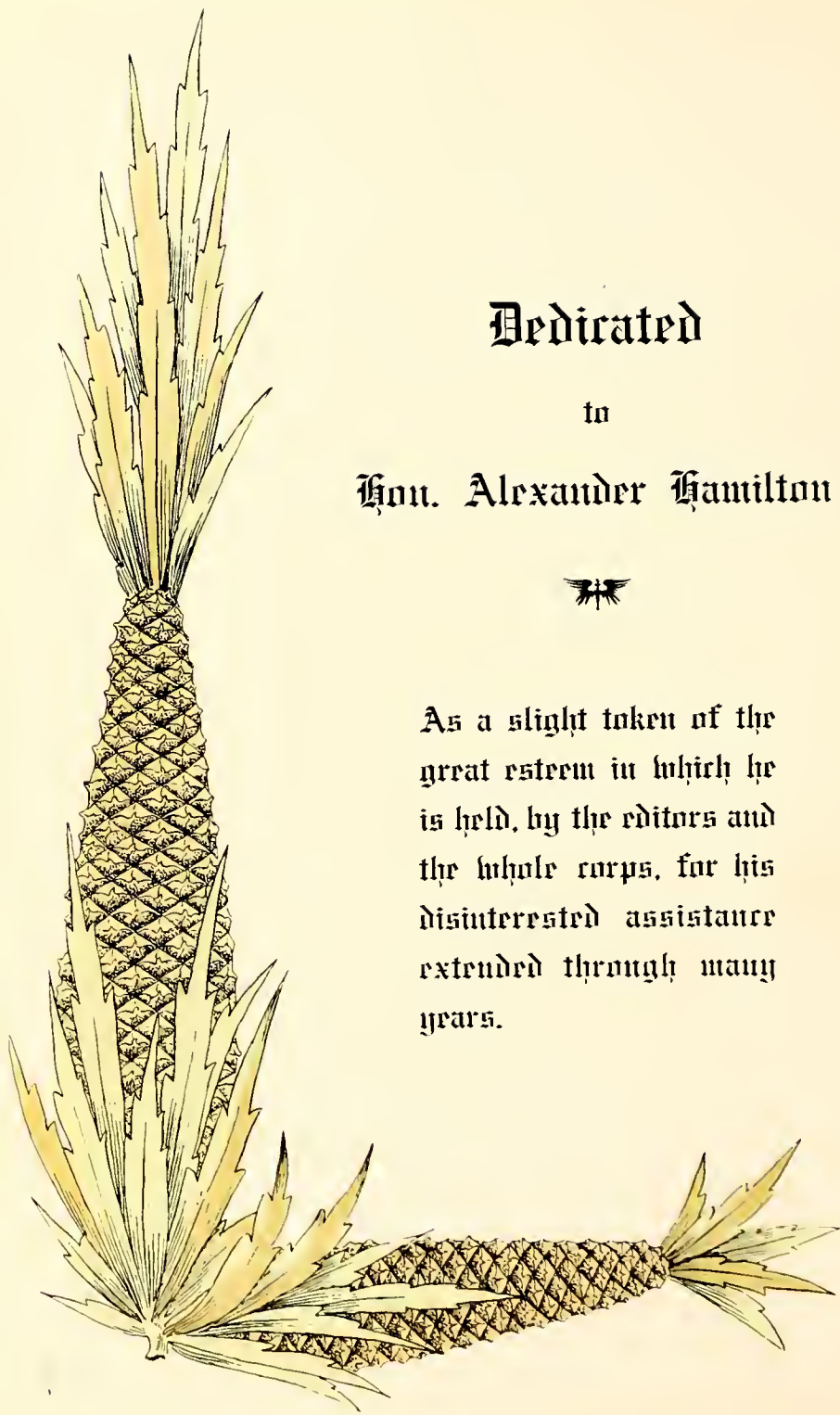


THE BOMB

V.M.I.

1902





Dedicated

to

Hon. Alexander Hamilton



As a slight token of the great esteem in which he is held, by the editors and the whole corps, for his disinterested assistance extended through many years.



HON. ALEXANDER HAMILTON.



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HON. ALEXANDER HAMILTON.



HON. Alexander Hamilton, president of the Board of Visitors of the Virginia Military Institute, was born in Granville County, North Carolina, March 18th, 1851. His grandfather, Patrick Hamilton, emigrated to this country from Scotland about the year 1810. A man of great means and ability, and a Scotsman, with those qualities of perseverance, courage and personal integrity which have ever characterized his race, he readily acquired a position of prominence and influence in the land of his adoption. Robert Alston Hamilton, the son, inherited his father's ability and personal qualities and rose to even greater prominence in his native state. He, in early life, married Miss Sarah Caroline Alexander, of Mecklenburg County, Virginia. The second son of this union, Alexander Hamilton, the subject of this sketch, unites therefore the maternal and paternal names.

Alexander Hamilton was three years of age when his father moved from Granville County to Raleigh to accept the presidency of the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad Company. After two or three years of successful administration Mr. Hamilton resigned and moved to Petersburg, Va. Here the family has since resided, and here the primary education of its sons was conducted. In October, 1864, Petersburg being in a state of siege, Alexander was sent to the Belmont School in North Carolina, Mr. Ralph Graves, principal. Here he remained for several years prosecuting the academic courses which in later years formed the foundation on which his collegiate instruction was based. Returning to Petersburg after the close of hostilities he spent one year at the University School, W. Gordon McCabe, head-master.

In September, 1868, Mr. Hamilton enlisted at the Virginia Military Institute, entering the third class. In July following, he was made second sergeant of "D" company and further promoted in the middle of his second class year to sergeant-major. In July, 1870, he was made adjutant of the corps, an office

he continued to hold until graduated in July, 1871. These promotions were unusually rapid and would, under any conditions, constitute a high testimonial to the character and worth of the recipient. In Mr. Hamilton's case the testimonial was unusually high. He was a member of the largest class that ever entered the Institute and a member of the largest corps in its history. In this corps were men who had served through years of the Civil War, and some who had been officers in the armies of the South, yet from so large a number, the majority of whom were his seniors, Mr. Hamilton, a third class plébe just nineteen years of age, was selected by his superior officers to fill one of the most important and honorable positions within the reach of the cadet. To be adjutant and command the corps of cadets on parade occasions is ever a laudable ambition of the young cadet. To *have been* adjutant and to have commanded such a corps as that of '70-'71, ought to be, and doubtless is, one of the cherished recollections of the subject of this sketch.

Mr. Hamilton's academic record is no less felicitous. While maintaining a creditable standing in all the departments of study that formed the strict curriculum of his day it was in the classical, philosophical and literary branches that he excelled. In Latin, Moral Philosophy and English Literature he stood *first* in a class that eventually graduated forty-five of its members.

Immediately after graduation in the summer of 1871 on the joint recommendation of Colonel J. T. L. Preston, Professor of Latin, and Colonel (now General) Scott Shipp, Commandant of Cadets, he was appointed assistant professor of Latin and Tactics. At this time he was just twenty years of age. For two years he held this position, discharging his duties with credit to himself and to the entire satisfaction of the governing authorities of the school. In 1872, whilst discharging his duties as assistant professor, he entered the law school of Washington and Lee University, presided over at that time by Judge John W. Brockenbrough and the Hon. John Randolph Tucker. He successfully accomplished the entire course of study in one year. The writer has often heard Mr. Tucker speak of Mr. Hamilton's success as a student of the law, and of the generous emulation for the highest distinction in the class that existed between C. A. Graves, now a distinguished professor of law in the University of Virginia, and himself. Both have since been eminently successful in their specialties—Professor Graves as a teacher and expounder of legal theories—Mr. Hamilton as a general practitioner and legal adviser.

In the line of his profession Mr. Hamilton's career has been one of continuous advance. After one year's practice in Richmond, Virginia, he returned to Petersburg, his old home, and formed a partnership with Alexander Dounan

under the firm name of Dounan & Hamilton. There he has since resided and there has been the centre of his field of useful endeavor. Today he stands in the front rank of the lawyers of the State, and in South-side Virginia his ability is so generally recognized that in the more important cases in litigation his services are in constant demand. But his reputation has not been confined to local surroundings, nor have the honors that have come to him been only those conferred by his neighbors. President Cleveland, during his second term, offered him the United States District Attorneyship for the eastern district of Virginia. The compliment was great, but Mr. Hamilton's practice was too large and too important to justify his acceptance. Later he was prominently mentioned, inside and outside of the State, as the probable successor to Judge Bond of the U. S. Circuit Court. Had the appointment gone to a Virginian Mr. Hamilton would doubtless have been offered the position. Political considerations, however, prevailed, and South Carolina, another State in the circuit, carried off the honor. For some years Mr. Hamilton has been general counsel for the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company, one of the most extensive railway systems of the South, and for several years one of its vice-presidents.

Combining legal acumen with great business sagacity, his services have been and still are in great demand by his fellow townsmen. As President of the Petersburg Savings Bank he directs one of the strongest financial institutions of his section. But probably one of the greatest honors conferred upon him was his unsolicited nomination and election by his fellow citizens, irrespective of party, as a member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention.

In January, 1892, under the appointment of Governor P. W. McKinney, he resumed his connection with the Virginia Military Institute as a member of her Board of Visitors. This position he has held under successive appointments up to the present time. In January, 1899, on the resignation of Judge S. H. Litcher, he was elected president of that body by his colleagues. Of Mr. Hamilton's services in this connection too much cannot be said in way of praise. Strict and firm as a disciplinarian, yet softened in the discharge of duty by a paternal indulgence for the delinquencies of youth; a wise and conservative counselor of executive and academic authorities, he has endeared himself alike to officer and student. With an absorbing love for his *alma mater* and a consequent abiding interest in her welfare, he has contributed the best energies of a well-trained intellect and the best promptings of a kindly disposition to the promotion of her success in her special line of usefulness.

E. H. N.

In Memoriam.



Ralph Guin,

The only member of 1902 whom death has
taken from us.



Died July, 1899.



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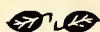
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Editorial.



It has been the custom from time immemorial for those bringing out any literary production to make an apology, not, dear reader, because they think their work poor or that excuses are, in any way, necessary. Such an idea would never occur to them, it matters not how readily it would to others. The real explanation is a desire common to us all for praise, or, in plain United States, they are fishing.

We are not at all modest, but even with our exaggerated ideas concerning our own importance along most lines, we can put forward no claims to literary merit, as you doubtless will observe in your perusal of the following pages.

The time honored and almost hoary excuse, that of lack of time, is in our case valid, as we were forced to crowd all our work into a very short period, and we, therefore, hope that you will look upon the more glaring faults with lenient eyes and try to forget the others. With this brief apology, itself an evidence of our lack of the devine afflatus, we submit this volume, hoping it will afford you some pleasure and amusement.

The Virginia Military Institute.

FOUNDED NOVEMBER 11th, 1839.



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RED, WHITE AND YELLOW.



INSTITUTE YELL.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Virginia!

Military Institute! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Hoo! Ri! Rah! Hoo! Ri!

Ri! Ri! V. M. I.

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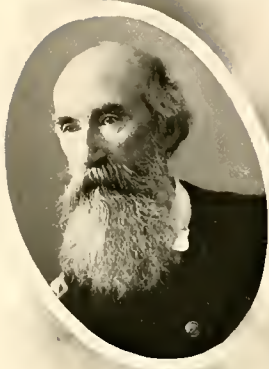
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THE CHARLESTON TRIP.



HERE were no absentees from Rev. on the morning of April the fourteenth; every one was up early and on tip toes with excitement, although some tried to conceal the fact in a *blasé* manner. The long expected and much hoped for day had arrived, the Charleston trip had become an actuality, and was no longer a dream.

After an early dinner we were marched to the station through cheering crowds, assembled to see us off; and after some delay we boarded the train. The officials of the C. & O. to add interest to the trip and to give some idea of the proposition early railroad travellers had to "buck up against," furnished us the original ten cars used by the company when it was incorporated. But we rose above such petty annoyances, and would that day have been content if they had put us in box cars. As we pulled out there was not a man among the two hundred odd that was not determined to have a good time; and we may say here that no one was disappointed.

A light rain commenced to fall soon after we got our last sight of Barracks and this added materially to the comfort of the trip and did not dampen our spirits in the least.

On arrival at Richmond we found a large crowd awaiting us; and even those who had no relatives or friends were most hospitably received. The companies were formed outside of the station and were then conducted to Kirkwood's restaurants, where a plentiful supper was awaiting us to which we did ample justice. After a short delay in the station, which was agreeably spent "chatting the calic," our special pulled out for the last stage of its long journey, accompanied by the cheers of the crowd. The rest of the night was one of horror, only

equalled by that spent by the prisoners in the Black Hole of Calcutta, and that spent by us on the return trip. To attempt any description of it would require the pen of a Dante or a Milton, and as I am neither the one nor the other, "It's by me." However everything must have an end; and the welcome daylight found us in Florence, S. C., where every one hastily commenced making futile efforts to get rid of the goodly collection of dirt which accumulated during the night.

On arriving at the Exposition grounds, we supposed our troubles were at an end; and they were except for the fact that the camp provided for us had to be abandoned. We finally took up our abode in a large building, which was suitable in every way and in which we were very comfortable, much more so than we expected to be. Indeed, every possible arrangement was made for our comfort and welfare throughout our entire stay, except the unavoidable one in the choice of cars.

After settling down in our quarters we were marched to the Palmetto Hotel, which, as we were informed repeatedly during our stay was "The feature of the Exposition." The menu, though not varied, was good; and in that condition of our appetites, we had absolutely *no kick coming* over the dinner they gave us. Fish, potatoes and liver disposed of, we dispersed into the grounds and town, most of us in search of a bath, which we all needed after our experience of the previous night.

From the very first, we say it modestly, but with a due sense of our own irresistibility, we took the town by storm; and by night the V. M. I. was as popular in Charleston as the Citadel itself. Our faces had become familiar, and we were welcomed everywhere we went in store, restaurant, and hotel. But it was on the Midway that we won our greatest laurels, and there we will be longest remembered. There were several centers of attraction there, although all the shows were well patronized. Chief among these was the Old Mill, "Si Perkins Grist," a trip through which was very pleasant alone, and simply entrancing "*a deux*." In fact, the pleasures of a ride through the mysterious tunnel were so seductive that a party of Cadets, unable to resist them broke into the Mill Sunday morning and started the machinery going, an escapade which caused them considerable trouble and expense. Second only to the Old Mill as a gathering place of the bands were the Streets of Cairo. There we were kings and none disputed us. The camels with fair Oriental riders were placed at our disposal (for a consideration,) and the galaxy of Eastern beauties in the theatre never received in their long careers such rounds of applause and complimentary comments as they did when we occupied the benches. None were slighted; from La

Belle Rosa to La Belle (?) Houreah each was loudly applauded. And then the Eastern Coffee House, shall we ever forget it! I know I won't. It is true the cups did not hold a teaspoonful, but each one of us must have had at least a barrel full during our stay. Between coffee with fair Lita and Celeste and taking chances on five cent pins from Edith, we generally left the Streets lighter both in spirits and pocket book.

Next door to the "Streets" was a resort which we attended when we felt that our too exuberant spirits needed toning down; and if ever a place was calculated to secure this result the "Palace of Life" and "Hello! Central, give me Heaven" was that place' Any further list of the attractions would be tiresome and sound too much like a guide book, so let us pass on to another and if possible, a more pleasant subject.

Charleston society with true Southern hospitality received us with open arms; and we cannot thank them too much for the kindness showed us during our stay. Under the auspices of S. C. M. A. Cadets a delightful hop and reception were tendered to us at the German Artillery Hall, on Friday night; and we returned the compliment on Saturday evening, at the Auditorium on the grounds. Both proved to be most enjoyable occasions and our only regret is that they were not given sooner so that we might have cultivated the many pleasant acquaintances made there with fair Charlestonians.

Among instances of the many kindnesses shown us, we will mention only the courtesies extended to the First class by Carolina Yacht Club. Our visits to the Club will not be soon forgotten.

The trips to the Isle of Palms and Fort Moultrie, will ever linger in our memories. Through the kindness of Captain Price, our former Commandant, now stationed at Moultrie, we were given privileges not usually extended to visitors, and received much pleasure and benefit from our inspection of the various batteries and works. Indeed during our whole stay every kindness was shown us by the officers of both Army and Navy stationed in Charleston, and it was through their courtesy, that we were allowed the use of the First Artillery Band, one of the finest in the Army, at parade.

Charleston itself proved to be a delightful old place. Its quaint old houses, the like of which is to be found no where else in the world, its picturesque streets and parks, its magnificent harbour and the beauties of the Battery, all remain indelibly fixed in our minds. Its hotels and restaurants would rank among the best in a city twice its size; and as a further example of enterprising spirit there is the magnificent Exposition, which must be seen to be appreciated.



I have a constant terror of falling into the vernacular of the "Complete Guide to the City and Exposition" while writing this article and am therefore afraid to attempt any further description of this historical spot.

Although most of us would be ashamed to acknowledge it, one of our chief pleasures was showing off before the crowds at the various parades, drills and inspections which we gave during our stay. Even the most hardened "shell-backs" among the First-Class privates strutted around like a "running corps" before the immense throngs which were always present. The day after our arrival, Wednesday, being Virginia and Pennsylvania day, we were marched to town and escorted Governor Montague and his staff back to the Exposition Grounds. Ranks were then broken and we attended the exercises in the Auditorium. Excellent speeches were made by Governor Montague and Governor Stone, of Pennsylvania, in both of which very complimentary allusions were made to the Corps. Governor Stone in particular brought down the house by saying very drolly that thirty odd years ago he would not have faced two hundred gray uniforms so complacently. After the speech making was over and our stock of patriotism nearly exhausted, ranks were formed again, and a review was given before the two Governors and an immense crowd; after which we were given some well earned rest. Another striking military feature was the Regimental Parade on Saturday afternoon, in which the Corps of the South Carolina Military Academy and two companies of U. S. Marines joined forces with us, the combination eliciting much enthusiasm from the assembled spectators. But we will let the reproduced newspaper clippings and subjoined letter from Governor Stone speak for themselves.

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER.

HARRISBURG, Pa., April 26, 1902.

"Major H. C. Ford, Commandant, Corps of Cadets, Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va.:

"My Dear Sir:—I was much interested in reviewing the Corps of Cadets of the Virginia Military Institute at Charleston last week. I have never seen a finer body of young soldiers. Erect, proud, fearless in every look and action, they recalled to my mind the staunch and steady columns which marched under General Lee forty years ago.

"The Southern army as well as the Northern army, were filled with boys who upheld the examples of their sires, and the Corps of Cadets of the Virginia Military Institute very well reflect the love for the Union

which now prevails in the North and in the South. We have become a great nation and are recognized as such by all powers of the world, and the North and the South do not love the Union less to-day because it was the bone of contention forty years ago.

"I think the time has come when we should only remember that we ought bravely, heroically, and stubbornly upon both sides, while forgetting what we fought about. The right or the wrong of that great issue will never be decided to the satisfaction of the whole country, and further discussion of it is needless.

"What made the struggle so desperate, what kept it up so long, was the patriotism and loyalty of both sides from lights that were seen. A man is a patriotic soldier only when he fights from heart conviction, and on each side the conviction had grown for years from environments surrounding them.

"The prosperity of the North and South depends upon fraternal relations, depends upon neighborly relations, depends upon that good feeling which is necessary to commercial success and local development, and I think the South Carolina Exposition is the finest demonstration of the South struggling in the place of the commerce of the South that could be made. I personally feel, and have always felt, a great interest and friendship for the country, there is a charm in its hospitality, there is a charm in its devotion to its locality; and I do earnestly hope that in the near future it may greatly increase in prosperity and wealth."

Sincerely yours,

(Signed)

WILLIAM A. STONE.

Through the operation of an absurd law of nature a week does not last forever; and finally the time came for us to return—much to our disgust. But, after all, it is just as well that we returned when we did, for our stock of money and endurance was exhausted, and the reaction from the gaiety of the week was already setting in. That we had not worn out our welcome is evidenced by the following letter from the Exposition authorities to Major Ford:

CHARLESTON, S. C., April 28, 1902.

Major H. C. Ford, Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va.:

My Dear Major:—I shall be greatly obliged if you will express to the young gentlemen of your Corps the very high appreciation of the Exposition Company and the people of Charleston of their splendid conduct while they were at the Exposition.

Their visit will always be one of the pleasantest memories of the Exposition. They sustained the best traditions of the Virginia Military In-

stitute and surely no higher praise than that can be given. We regret that they could not remain with us longer. We wish it were possible for them to come back again.

Very sincerely yours,

J. C. HEMPHILL.

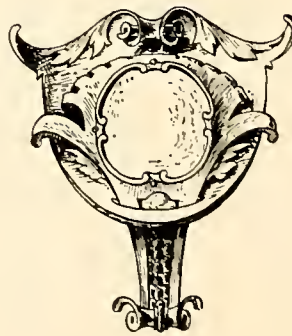
Manager Department Promotion and Publicity.

Before closing, mention must be made of the delightful six hours stay on our return trip in Richmond, where we were royally entertained. This delightful break in our trip helped keep off for a time the slump in our spirits that we experienced on first sighting Lexington again.

Thus came to an end the great event of the year and what will be to some the most treasured memories of a life-time, The Charleston Trip. Long-heralded and anticipated, it well deserved all the attention it got, and will go down in our annuals as one of the most profitable and pleasant trips ever taken by the Corps.

In closing we should like, in the name of the Corps, to thank the officers with us, and Major Ford in particular, for the great consideration shown us and the abundance of liberty granted us during the entire trip.

R. F. M.



Entreaties.



I.

O Billy Shipp! O Billy Shipp!
Pray do not cry E-e! E-e!
But give us all those dips we want,
And fill our hearts with glee.

II.

O Doctor Pendleton, do pray—
Go buy another hat;
You've had that one since first we came,
And oh! how long is that!

III.

O, Col. Semmes! Oh, Colonel Semmes!
To us you must explain
Why it is you "can't conceive,"
Of things that are so plain.

IV.

O, Col. Nick! O, Col. Nick!
Why do you move so slow
Are you so very, *very* tired?
We'd really like to know.

V.

O, Col. Bev! why do you try
To teach us that dry stuff?
Which we have never understood,
Pray, cease, we've had enough.

VI.

O, Col. Monk! some day do let
That dynamo alone;
Tolly wants a chance at it,
He has none of his own.

F. C. M.

REMINISCENCES OF THE V. M. I. IN '64.



ARRIVED by canal boat one sombre morning in November, '63, at the town of Lexington, and made my way to the office of "Old Specs" to matriculate as a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute. My first experience was assignment to room 53 (now 71), third stoop. Here I was taken in hand by my future room-mates, a second classman, two third classmen and two rats. They were very polite and proceeded to give me such necessary information as I required to make me feel at home.

Dinner time soon came; I sat in the second section. The corps in those days marched to meals in four sections instead of companies as now. Being Founder's Day dinner was something extra; turkey gladdened the hearts of the boys. My share of the sumptuous repast was the breast-bone, picked clean, which, with a scant supply of bread, some frosted potatoes and a glass of water, did not go far to satisfy my appetite. The rooms were arranged very much then as they are now, except that we had no cots and the mattresses were piled in the corner without being rolled or strapped. Everything has its advantages, however, and by sleeping on the floor we were able to lie down at night without fear of being dumped to amuse some of our friends, the old cadets. Of course the usual bucking had to be endured, and was a serious matter to the rat with a long name containing many 'I's or 'T's—each of which had to be dotted or crossed. A rat with no middle name did not get off any easier than the others, however, as his solicitous friends were always willing to supply "Constantinople" to make up for the deficiency of the second member of his cognomen. W——, a third classman from Richmond, came around a few days after my arrival and proceeded to initiate me with a brass-tipped bayonet scabbard, but I managed to sit down afterwards, notwithstanding the fact that I had twenty letters in my name not counting the "V. M. I.s" which were always added for good measure.

In those days food was scanty, and three from the mess would fall out every night at supper roll call, that the others might have enough to eat. When we

went to meals as one of the reliefs of the guard by paying for them we had extras, consisting of molasses and a piece of butter. Our menu consisted of bread, growley, rye coffee, and a very slim supply of milk for supper and breakfast. For dinner, beef, often questionable, soup (tureen of hot water with red pepper pods floating about in it), and roasted Irish potatoes, often frosted. We often reinforced ourselves, however, with supplies from the sutler's store. At night, during sutler's time, the boys in our room would "cut" to see who should "set up". The individual "cut out" would then invest in five dollars worth of ginger snaps (six dozen cakes), for himself and his more fortunate room-mates. On Saturday there was always suspension of duty, and many found their way up town for breakfast or dinner at the hotel or house of some friend, while others went hunting if they had the "lead". We made our own shot by beating the metal into thin sheets and cutting these into small cubes. Powder was always obtainable from the arsenal.

I had gone through that purgatory of a cadet's existence, rat drill, and nothing of any interest in the routine of cadet life occurred until the middle of December when the corps went off on a raid after Averill; marching first to Goshen, then to Cold Sulphur Springs, and back to Lexington for a night, thence across North Mountain, and the next day back to the Institute, where we soon settled down to routine duty. On this raid several very amusing incidents occurred, which still bring smiles, though dimmed by the lapse of thirty-seven years. It was Sunday night, and we had pitched camp at the foot of North Mountain; we had had a long and toilsome march, and seated around the blazing fire under the protecting lee of a tent-fly were taking a much needed rest. L. W—, first sergeant of "C" company, had a quilt spread out on the ground in front of the fire and sitting doubled up, Chinese fashion, was taking in all the comforts of home, or rather of the fire; in fact he got more than he counted on. As one of the boys threw another log on the glowing heap of coals, a big spark leaped fairly into the center of the quilt and set it ablaze. W— tried to spring out of the way of the conflagration, but his feet had been doubled under him for so long that they had gone to sleep and he could not move a muscle. After making several vain but desperate attempts, he managed to crawl to the edge of the comforter, but no farther. As we stood around, convulsed with merriment, unable for the moment to help him, we saw the quilt slowly devoured to W—'s unexpressible disgust—leaving only the small corner on which he was seated.

It is a true saying that misfortunes always come in pairs, and though the foregoing incident and the one I am about to relate were certainly misfortunes to the chief actors, they were very amusing to those who saw them. On our way back to Lexington after the raid we came to a narrow section of the road which

had been a good deal cut up by heavy baggage trains and artillery. On one side was a deep ditch half filled with mud and water, while the other side had dense underbrush growing almost to the beaten track. As the head of the column came almost to the end of this section, a half-grown shoat startled by our march and further by the yells of the boys, started out of the underbrush and dashing across the head of the column came tearing down the line of file-closers on the ditch side of the road, everybody making way for him. No accident occurred until his pigship reached "C" company. Johnny B—, second lieutenant, a big gawky, country fellow, was plowing along by the side of his company without any thought of danger, gazing no doubt at the leaden beauty of the low hanging clouds. The shoat fulfilling the first law of nature (looking out for Number One), no more saw Johnny B— than he was seen by that gentleman. The consequence was a violent collision; the shoat dashed directly between the unhappy lieutenant's legs, precipitating him headlong into the ditch, and redoubling his own speed finished the rest of the line without accident, and turning to the right, sought safety in the woods. Johnny B— was assisted to the road a *good deal disfigured*, not at all hurt, and very mad.

"The next time I pass a darned piece of road like this," he said, "I hope they will quietly reduce me to the ranks; it is much more pleasant than being dropped without warning when your only offence is inattention."

A great character among the employees of the Institute was old "Judge," the baker. One cold night in January I was on guard on post number 3, near the mess-hall; just before being relieved I saw Judge with a lighted candle in his hand coming out of the Hospital (now the Quartermaster's). He blew out the light and I challenged him as he approached my post:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Officer in Charge," was the reply.

"Advance Officer in Charge," I answered, "and give the countersign."

"Loaf of bread," said Judge.

"All right," I said, "you may pass, but you gave the wrong word."

The old darkey went on his way to the bakery, chuckling to himself as he reached the door. Just before my tour of guard duty was over he appeared with a hot loaf fresh from the oven. This was a great treat as we never had anything but cold bread at the mess-hall. I quickly hid the loaf under the cape of my overcoat as I saw the corporal of the guard approaching with the relief. I crept as noiselessly as a spectre up the steps and into my room; but alas for the disappointments of life. Every mother's son woke up when I turned up the light and sang out in chorus: "Rat! Gimme a piece of bread?" I went to bed to

sleep after having had a piece of the loaf about the size of a respectable crumb. Rats in those days were very cheeky, and many a bucking on the sly did they give to new-comers. One night just after tattoo, W—, from Norfolk, and the writer, when returning from roll-call found a rat on guard named Foy, across the walk, where he had been put by some old cadet, as a practical joke. When he refused to let us pass, W— held his gun and, with my assistance, took it away from him. In the morning he was told to consider himself under arrest, and in the afternoon a court-martial was duly convened in the Dialectic Society hall, with such environment as would give dignity and solemnity to the scene. R—, a second classman, sergeant in "C" company, dressed in a long black coat, acted as Judge-advocate; earnestly did he plead Foy's cause, but in vain, and he was found guilty of neglect of duty on post in allowing his gun to be taken from him, and being in time of war he was sentenced to be shot at sunrise next morning. He was told that he could have pen and ink and paper to write a last letter home. After writing the letter, some one told him there was one chance left for his life; that if he appealed to General Smith for mercy, he might be pardoned. He did this at once, and soon he returned from the General's; a large crowd of cadets were assembled on the stoop.

"Rat!" said one of them, "what did 'Old Specs' say to you?"

"He said," answered Foy with a mistified look, "that you all was a-foolin' of me."

There were two rats in the corps at that time who were inveterate enemies; one of them roomed on the third stoop in 73, the other on the fourth stoop in 106, the rooms being almost directly opposite. Some of the boys in the recreation hour after dinner would get out on the stoop and sing out:

"Oh, P—! John B— from Green says you are a liar!"

From each room a boy could be seen running in great haste to the court pulling off their jackets as they went, and soon a pitched battle would be in progress. This often occurred, until one day P— beat John B— over the head with a plank, and fearing serious injuries might result, a stop was put to the fighting.

Mischief seems to be an inherent virtue in the average cadet, but the corps of '64 could not claim endowment in that direction half as rich as its successors. But the powder was purloined from shells in the arsenal and a train laid around the table, wet, and set off, until the room was so full of smoke that when the window was opened it looked as if Barracks was on fire, but we were never caught. One night, however, when our room was in this condition we heard the inspector approaching. As he tapped on our door, C—, in making a desperate

effort to dispel the smoke, let his cap slip and it fell squarely over the gas-jet, putting out the light.

"Anybody absent?" said Captain W—.

"All present, sir," I replied.

The kindly sub. passed on without saying anything, though he must have suspected that we had been trifling with gun-powder.

In March a mass meeting of the corps was held, and a resolution was passed that, "being well drilled and disciplined, and the Confederate army being in need of recruits, we feel it our duty to go to General Lee." We also forwarded a request to be allowed to do so. He refused, and said if the corps left Lexington it would make it necessary for him to send a regiment there, but that we should be called on as a reserve whenever our services were needed.

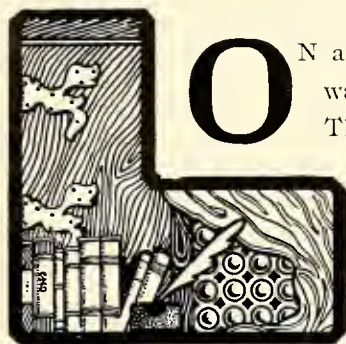
The day came in May when an order was received from General Breckinridge directing the corps to join him at Staunton; this march culminated in the battle of New Market. There was not much of interest in those solemn days of war to record; the spirit of fun and pranks was overshadowed by the realities of stern war, and the soul of every cadet was filled with instincts of patriotism. The mantle of the Great Captain, whose peaceful days had been spent as an instructor in those walls, had fallen upon us, and we felt that though "Old Jack" was absent in the body, he was present in the spirit, inspiring devotion to the cause of country and the courage to do and dare whenever opportunity offered, and methinks, if he could look down on the boys on that fatal fifteenth of May he would rejoice in spirit to see how they reflected the glory he had earned for the army of Northern Virginia.

J. N. U. '64.





THE ROMANCE OF A GIM FAKIR.



ON a blazing hot afternoon in July, a couple were seen walking along the parade-ground down at the V. M. I. They were evidently oblivious of everything around except themselves, and even the most casual observer would have had no trouble in guessing that they had not been long married. After showing her all the points of interest in and around barracks, and telling her many anecdotes connected therewith—of most of which he was the central figure—the man led his wife to the bench around the old guard-tree. After they had been seated there a few minutes, probably devoted to the whispering of those sweet nothings in which cadets are adepts, he drew from his pocket an old notebook and handed it to her with the remark:

"This is the diary I kept while I was a first classman."

"You have never showed me this, Arthur; and, besides, I didn't know men ever kept such silly things as diaries. I thought that was left for romantic school girls." With this smiling censure she began to read.

Moving the pages slowly, she read here and there amusing accounts of numerous scrapes, exciting escapades, or midnight feasts from some classmate's box, with the never-failing penalty tours if they happened to be caught. Sometimes a description of a hop was given, if there was any musical feature. Occasionally there would be several pages more or less closely written under one date; but for the most part the entries would be somewhat like the following:

Apr. 1. Went out of winter-quarters.

May 15. Went into camp. Put on white trousers.

May 16. Letter from Eve today. God bless her!

Here she looked up quickly. "Letter from Eve today! Arthur Randolph, do you know this was about the fiftieth letter you had gotten from Eve Harrison since Christmas? Nearly every page makes mention of a letter from her. I

suppose your letters *to* her were too numerous to mention, and the letters from other girls didn't count at all."

"No," said Randolph, smiling, "Eve alone counted then; but, Madame," with a mock bow, "at that time I didn't know you."

She went on reading to herself, occasionally pausing to ask a question about one of the men mentioned.

"'Fan' Mason was your room-mate, wasn't he?" He is a dear fellow, and I do wish he could have been able to come East and be your best man."

She was now nearing the end of the little diary, and leaning back comfortably, she began to read in a low, amused voice:

"June 2nd. Final exam's on. Sent Eve her card today. Miss Hodges can't come to the Finals, so that leaves my card blank for the opening hop.

June 18. Exam's are over. I passed on all.

I'm in a bad fix! Billy Browning came to my room this morning:

"Hello, Randolph," said he, "I hear you have the opening hop free, as Miss Hodges can't come."

"Yes," I answered, "but I reckon I can make another engagement before then."

"Well, old man, you wo'n't have to wait long, for my sister has suddenly decided to come to see me graduate, and I have her card filled all but the opening hop; and I should like her to have an engagement with you anyway. Shall I put you down?"

"Certainly," said I, for Billy is a good friend, and I can't hurt his feelings. Billy Browning's red head, awkward ways, and general "country" appearance when he was a rat made his nick-name "Hayseed" particularly appropriate. Most of this awkwardness has worn off now, and Billy is one of the finest and most popular men in the class, but I am dubious about the sister.

"I suppose you'd like to know what she's like," he laughed. "Well, she's said to be something like me, red hair and so on, but, for all that, she's the sweetest girl in the world. Much obliged, old boy."

She *looks like Billy* and has *red* hair. Gad! I told Fan about it, and every time he comes into the room, he greets by asking how my "buxom country lass" is, or after the health of my "sorrel-top." But Eve is coming, and what else matters?

June 19. Mother and father wo'n't be here for three days.

June 20. Fan and I went to the station this evening to meet Eve and May Allen. A great many of the fellows were expecting friends also, so there was quite a crowd down.

Well, the train pulled in, and the moment I had looked forward to so long with so much pleasure came at last, when Eve put her hand in mine and looked at me. Perhaps I held it longer and more tightly than was necessary. I was glad to see May, too, for though she belongs to Fan, she is a good friend of mine. Eve is to open the german with me, and I am to take May to the Society hop.

But Fate had decreed that I should not enjoy this bliss unalloyed, for just as we were leaving the station, Fan nudged my arm, and whispered with a snicker, as he pointed to the waiting room:

"Look, Arthur, there's your partner for the opening hop!"

I had completely forgotten her for a day or two. I looked and saw Billy struggling with an armful of bundles and boxes, and a girl at hand with such red hair that even Billy's was thrown into the shade. She didn't look like Billy, but was fat with a pug nose. Heavens!

So this is Jane Browning, just the kind of Jane I have feared. How can I, the president of the class and the leader of the german, take such a calic? How disdainful will Eve look, and how the other girls will giggle! What does Billy mean by bringing such a *gawk* to the Finals, even if she is his sister? I wish I could get out of my engagement with her.

June 21, 11 A. M. In practicing in the gym this morning I fell on my right arm, which I hurt during foot-ball season. It gives me some pain, but not enough to prevent me from dancing if I want to. It was a short deal, I reckon, but I went to the Gim and made so much fuss over my arm that he ordered me not to use it for twenty-four hours. He said I might go to the hop to look on, if I pleased. I told Billy, and wrote his sister a very touching note with my left hand to the effect that I was very sorry and disappointed, etc. A very nice note came in reply, which made me have the "RE's" badly. Maybe she isn't so bad, after all.

June 21. What a long time since I last wrote anything here! Many things have happened in the last twenty-four hours.

I went to the hop, asked Eve for a break, and got it. While talking to her, after having made an engagement for another break—this one to be on the parade-ground—I saw a stunning looking girl come by with Fan. Somehow I lost interest in my conversation with the formerly peerless Eve, after I saw this girl. As soon as the break was over, I asked Fan to introduce me to his friend; he did so, having warned me that every cadet in the room was in love with her, and that I had better keep out of danger.

"How do you do, Miss Wilson," was all I had time to say before she was whisked off by the cheekiest rat I have ever seen. I swore I'd fix that rat today.

Finally I got a break with her, and we went out under the guard-tree. She was then the most beautiful thing I have ever laid eyes on, and the daylight, as I have seen today, does not make her less beautiful. It seems to me that it is the face I have gotten a very vague idea of in my dreams sometimes.

"I am so sorry you are hurt, and can't dance tonight. Mr. Mason told me all about it." (I sincerely hoped Mason hadn't told all he suspected).

"Yes, I am sorry, too. Not as much on my own account," I lied readily, "but because I'm the cause of a young lady's missing the hop."

"Whom were you going to take?"

"Miss Jane Browning," I answered with the hope that she hadn't seen Miss B. "Rather an unpoetic name," I ventured; "if it were only Janey, or Jean, or even Jenny, but *Jane!*"

"Yes," she said, "Jane is rather prosaic, but not so much so as you seem to think. Here are some verses on it:

"Of thy sweet charms, infinity
I sing, O fair Divinity,
O lovely Jane!

"On thy clear, transparent cheek,
Where dimples play at hide and seek,
Lies on skin as white as snows
The shadow of a crimson rose,
O charming Jane.

"Thy tresses tell me what to say!
Each thread a stolen sunbeam's ray;
Or do some tangled jewels rare
Lie hidden in thine auburn hair,
O fairest Jane!

"The violet that stoops to drink
From out the clear pool's crystal brink,
This sweetest flower, of heaven's own hue,
Is mirrored in thine eyes of blue,
Bewitching Jane!"

"You are a poetess," said I, laughing.

"The moon hath such effect," answered she, mockingly, and then, "No, those are not original with me. They were given to me once."

The next dance had begun, and she rose to go; but by hard pleading I induced her to sit out that dance with me. Then I lost my head, as I had lost my heart, and told her of the love for her that had just come to me that night.

I must have been rather convincing, for she didn't laugh at me, though she didn't give me much hope.

As we started into the ball-room, she dropped her handkerchief. I picked it up, and begged for it so, that she gave it to me with a rather queer little smile. When I went to my room after the hop, while waiting for Fan, I sat down to examine the handkerchief. In one corner was the name—"Jane Browning!"

Fan "fessed up." He planned it all. I had mistaken for Miss Browning a girl from Billy's town whom he was helping to the 'bus with her bundles. Fan seems to think this a pretty good joke, but I don't.

* * * * *

Here the diary ended. As Mrs. Randolph closed the book, she smiled, then looked severely at her husband, and said—

"Arthur, you did love her, didn't you?"

"Yes," he answered, with a smile, "and I love her still with all my heart, Jane."

E. H. F.



Second Class Private's Lament.



'T'is strange, I say, 't'is passing strange,
And really quite a bore ;
Our sergeants, who were privates once,
But privates now no more,
Forget the tours they used to walk,
The posts they once preferred,
And though First First is vacant left,
They give us third Post Third.

N. R. W.



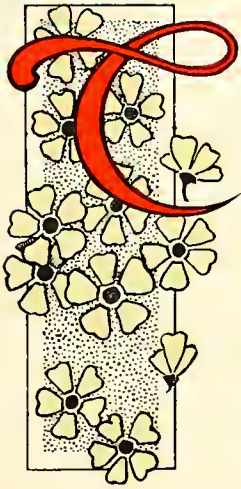
The Well-Dressed Dutchman.



He was a little Hollander,
And he cried aloud in glee,
As he stood upon the dam that shuts
His country from the sea.

And many an airy attitude
Our hero bold did strike,
And as he strutted up and down,
Cried, "Ain't I on a dyke!"

Queer.



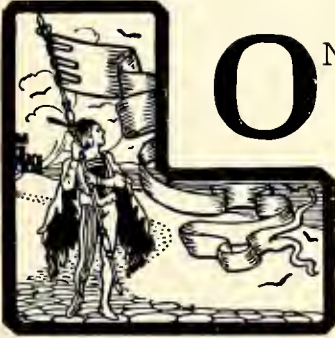
WAS the night of the Final Ball
When they left the crowded hall
And their way to the Guard Tree
wended.

The star-studded sky was above them
The old wooden seat was beneath,
But they heeded not the one
Nor did she need the other—s'death.

R. F. M., '02.



A Dream



ONE day in church I chanced to nap,
And lo! I no longer wore a cap.
A glossy tile was on my head,
A frock-coat did I wear instead
Of my tight coatee and sash so red;

My “pats” and gloves in the latest styles
Would well repay a walk of miles
To see. The nuptial knot we were about to tie,
When some one nudged me and I

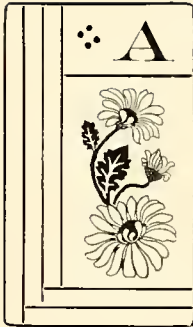
WOKE UP!

R. F. M. '02.

A BRIGHT PIECE OF REPARTEE.



Written for the 1902 Bomb by R. M. Blundon '63.



AS one of the Alumni I have been requested by the Editors of the "Bomb" to give some little incident of Institute life during the War. There are many that come to my memory, but I will resist the tendency that makes a bore of many an old soldier with his wondrous tales of valor, and give only a trifling one that shows the quick repartee of our College belles of the '60's.

It was during the Spring of '62, when Hunter was advancing with a large army, and our officers realizing that "discretion was the better part of valor" were preparing to retreat.

Some of the ladies of Lexington came out imploring us not to leave them to the mercy of the enemy—finally, realizing that all entreaties were vain, they began to taunt us with being cowards and running from the "Yankees."

Miss Fannie P———, one of our favorites was holding her skirts higher than she was aware of; and the boys began calling attention to the fact that she was showing her ankles, when she quickly replied:

"I may be showing my *ankles*, but you are showing your *heels* to the "Yankees."

But we were spoiling for a fight, so hurried on leaving Miss Fannie in possession of the field.



“1902” Dinner



December 31st, 1901

half-past ten

Menu

OYSTERS—HALF SHELL

CELERY

Sherry

ROAST TURKEY

ROAST WILD DUCK

Claret

CRANBERRIES

CREAMED MUSHROOMS

FRIED OYSTERS

TOMATOES—MAYONAISE

CELERY SALAD

Dutch Miltair

ENTREES

SALTED ALMONDS

OLIVES

PARTIDGES ON TOAST

SWEET BREADS AND GREEN PEAS

Teau

NESSSELRODE PUDDING AND CAKE

CAFE NOIR

CHEESE

CRACKERS

BEATEN BISCUITS

NUTS AND FRUITS

CIGARS

CIGARETTES

Toasts

T. M. RINEHART—TOASTMASTER

OUR CLASS BERNIE

THE FIRST CLASS PRIVATE TUTWILER

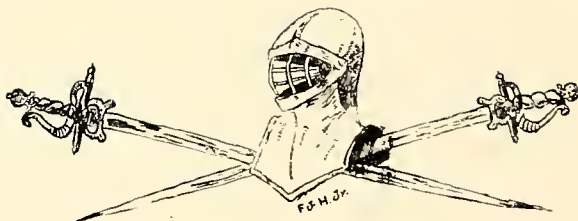
ATHLETICS L. B. JOHNSON

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF CADET LIFE . . . A. L. JOHNSTON

V. M. I. GIRLS WISE

THE TIE THAT BINDS WERTH

DIPS A. B. RAWN



1902's DINNER.



ANY one who is at all familiar with the affairs of the Institute cannot fail to observe how many and how varied are the customs which have been, and probably ever will be, upheld by both professors and cadets. It has been suggested that if these old customs were discarded and new ones adopted, the changes consequent upon such a move would prove beneficial to the future of the Institute. However, that such a thing could, or ever would be done, is a matter of much doubt, though the fact remains that at least one custom would stay the hand of the reformer. This strongly rooted practice is that of the annual function, technically termed the "celebration" of the First Class upon New Year's Eve's night.

Four years at the Institute seems to most of us an indefinite length of time, and when the year finally comes in which our life as cadets ends, it is not unnatural that our feelings should give vent to an exhibition of our appreciation of the fact. And then, again, no one can deny the propriety of an occasion which has for its object that of forever binding the tie which has held a class so closely together, and of furnishing a chapter in its history which will always brighten its pages and be recorded as a most unusual event.

Any one who has ever had the honor of participating in a "celebration" is firm in his conviction that no other event in cadet life is more worthy of celebration. The only point to be questioned in regard to a celebration is the method of celebrating. Pyrotechnic displays have always been prominent factors, and it is still within the memory of our class to what excessive measures this agency was employed in a New Year's Eve celebration that came so near resulting very disastrously. Others have been less violent; some even resorting to an authorized fire-works party on the parade ground, where nothing might be injured. When the subject of the manner of holding ours was brought up before our class, it resolved itself into a question as to how we could have a function original in its character, and, at the same time, one that would not necessitate a special meeting of the Board of Visitors. Who the enterprising spirit was that first suggested

the idea of a dinner will probably never be known, for several lay claim to that honor. At any rate, the idea was universally adopted, and every arrangement was speedily made for the success of the memorable 1902 Dinner.

The night of the great feast came at last. Shortly after taps, our whole class, forty-four strong—an already gay crowd—assembled in the Arch and soon were merrily on our way to the “Lexington.” As usual, all sorts of reports were abroad in Lexington as to what the First Class was going to do, for such an extraordinary event furnished no little gossip for the villagers, and many curious eyes were upon us, as we, passing through the streets, heralding the occasion by singing and yelling. Certain it is that they were not disappointed, for it developed that something *was done* by the First Class.

The dining-room of the Lexington was converted into a scene of beauty which must have been seen to be appreciated. Every detail of the decorations and service was thoroughly in accordance with the dignity of the occasion, and the dainty little menu card, which is herewith reproduced, tells its own story. The change from mess hall food to the elaborate spread set before us that night afforded excellent opportunities for excesses, and that there were excesses was shown by the unusual demand for Bromo-Seltzer the next day. The entire absence of any restraint whatever gave the keynote of the success of the evening. During the courses the far-famed V. M. I. Orchestra rendered an excellent program, which feature added much to the pleasure of the evening.

After the dinner had proceeded for quite a time the toasts were begun. The applause preceding and following the first on the list showed that there was yet a feature of the affair which was to prove even more enjoyable than the dinner we had consumed. The list of toasts afforded every variety of responses; those called upon maintained the reputation of our class for after-dinner speakers.

The next morning found us all in barracks safe and sound. It is a matter of regret that we could not all return in a body as we had gone up, though the conditions were such as rendered it impossible. For many days afterward our dinner furnished the topic of conversation and if we could quote some of the experiences and incidents related, probably the affair could be shown in a more interesting light. However, who of 1902 needs more than the mere mentioning to recall 1902's dinner? It was the only affair of its kind ever given by a class at the Institute; some say it was the first and the last. We hope not, for, as a means of celebration, we heartily recommend to our successors a banquet, and a banquet like ours.

P'02.

INITUM.



'Twas the eleventh of a cold November,
In the autumn of Thirty-Nine,*
That a column of eager, stalwart youths
Marched onward, in steady line.

No knapsacks upon their shoulders,
No bayonets yet in hand;
But they stepped through the streets of Lexington,
At their Colonel's clear command.†

They were gathered from distant homesteads,
From hamlets, and towns and farms;
Ready to man our Arsenal—
Ready to guard our arms.

Onward their leader led them,
With more than a soldier's grace,
Till he called a halt on the crested ridge,
In the Arsenal's open space.

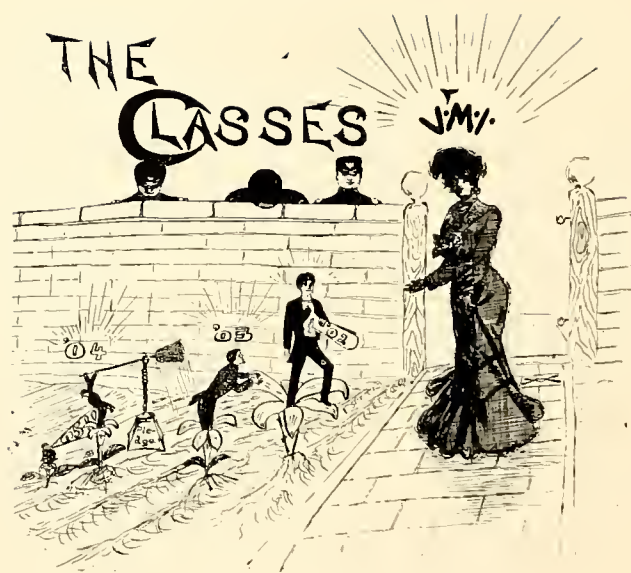
Then he turned with a ringing accent:—
“Cadets, you are pledged to-day,
To do your duty at honor's call,—
Drill, study, keep guard, obey.

“By the love you bear Virginia,
By the name and fame that flood
Such radiance over her golden past,
Be true to your birth and blood!

“See, flinging its folds above you,
The flag that your fathers bore:
So *live* for it,—shield it—you dare not do less,
Die for it—you cannot do more!”

Mrs. M. J. Preston.

*The day of the founding of the Virginia Military Institute. †General Francis H. Smith.



Class of 1902.



COLORS.

CRIMSON AND GRAY.

YELL.

Hippity Hoot! Hippity Hoot!

Virginia Military Institute!

Hullabaloo! Hullabaloo!

We're the Class of 1902!

V! M! I!



OFFICERS.

T. M. Rinehart, *President.*

A. B. Rawn, *Vice-President.*

M. A. Kelly, *Historian.*

ALFRED A. ADAMS, - - - - - Lynchburg, Va.

ENGINEERING.

"Stabbed with a white wench's black eye."—Shakespeare.



Alias "Cataline." A Squire of dames which '02 has produced and for whom we have been full of sympathy ever since a girl called him "that horrid red-headed thing," which we consider a most unjust remark, although the latter part is doubtless true. He could by no hook or crook be called handsome, but possesses a rather pleasant face and engaging manners which have been his sole instruments in making his many conquests.



J. C. ALLEN, - - - - - Corsicana, Tex.

CHEMISTRY.

"Curse on thy ill betiding croak."—Gay.

Alias "Searg," *alias* "Rat." The last *alias* is so very appropriate the Editorial Board experienced considerable difficulty in ascertaining his real name—even he himself having forgotten it. A very learned theoretical chemist, but will on occasion "go shy one." His first *alias* was well earned, and made him so conceited that he has been trying to regain office ever since, and has even been running this year.



ROBERT MUNFORD AUGUST, 210 W. Main St., Richmond, Va.

ENGINEERING.

*"He that loves glass without the 'g'
Take away the 'l' and that is he."*



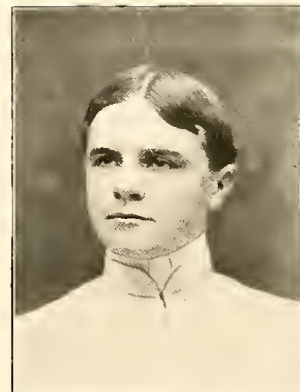
Alias "Monk," possessor of a deeply retrousse nose, which probably accounts for his success with the fair sex, ladies being notoriously fond of *pugs*.



ROY M. BAILEY, - - 212 W. Hall St., Savannah, Ga.

"A parlous boy."—Shakespeare.

Alias "Hippo." Comes to us from the wilds of Georgia, followed by a small army of feminine admirers, frantic at the thought of his leaving them. Has lately acquired the golf habit and is busily engaged in cultivating a Scotch accent and a large pair of calves; the latter task, however, seems to be beyond human power.



JAMES MERCER BARNETT, - - - Eufaula, Ala.

CHEMISTRY.

"Often the cock loft is empty in those whom nature has built many stories high."—Fuller.



Alias "Turkey," alias "Chim," alias also "Mean Old Cadet." Has a reputation for being the sternest and meanest cadet that ever struck Barracks, a perfect terror to Rats. One who belies his looks. A dangerous character whom the ladies should watch closely; can smoke more corn silk cigarettes than any man in Barracks, and is said to be addicted to the opium habit, a theory which would account for his pensive air and the way he brushes his hair.



LUCIEN LLOYD BASS, - 312½ 3rd St., Richmond, Va.

ELECTRICITY.

*"For he by geometric scale
Could the size of pots of ale
And wisely tell what hour o'day
The clock did strike by Algebra."
—Huidibras.*

Alias "Joe." Famed in our annals for his habit of rising before the sun and for the symmetry of his legs.



MONTAGUE BLUNDON, 1047 W. Lanvale St., Baltimore, Md.

ENGINEERING.

"I don't see it."—Cibber.



Alias "Jimmy Dice." Very bull-dozing and overbearing in his manner, but for all that a good sort of fool. He will, probably, become a cook on graduation, and all friends wishing to communicate with him should direct their letters care of Holmes & Rowland's Restaurant.



FREDERICK BLUNDON DOWNING, - - Sharps, Va.

ENGINEERING.

'I never saw so much devil put in so small a vessel.'

Alias "Chicken." Full of life and, as we presume from his never having shown it, of energy. Was appointed by the Board of Visitors to investigate the methods of instruction of the various professors, for which purpose he has spent here the best part of four years; and during that time has had frequent occasion to criticise them severely.



ROBERT F. EASTHAM, - - - - Flirt Hill, Va.

ENGINEERING.

"Her ample presence fills up all the place."—Pope.

"Sacred to ridicule his whole life long."—Pope.

Alias "Lou." ☞ The most graceful member of our little community. Taught Delsarte for some time in a young ladies' academy, but was dismissed because the principal was jealous of his kangaroo shape, which she vainly attempted to copy. Has found an even softer berth here in his capacity of Barracks Clown, in which he challenges all comers. A true friend and one to be cultivated. He was once overheard to say that he would rather go back to shucking corn than stay at this "derved" place.



EDWARD G. FLOWERS, 706 S. Cherry Ave., Vicksburg, Miss.

ELECTRICITY.

"'Twas wild by starts."—Collins.

Alias "Fleur-de-Lis," "Metzger," "Wild Man." A singularly quiet young man, the inventor of a "disappearing gun" of great value. Has been "shipped" twelve times during his varied career, but still bobs up serenely. Conducted a famous transaction with the barber in which he cornered the shave, shampoo and hair-cut market.



M. INNES FORBES, - 210 Winchester St., Warrenton, Va.

*"Exceeding fair he was not; and yet fair
In that he never studied to be fairer
Than nature made him; beauty cost him nothing,
His virtues were so rare."* —Chatman.



Alias "Skipper." A bright, clever young man, with the bloom of youth upon his cheek. Would be broad shouldered if he patronized a good tailor. The truth of the matter is he was spoilt by the ladies when he was younger and his head was more easily turned ;but he is getting nobly over it, and in time promises to become a fairly good citizen.



HERBERT G. GARLAND, - Garland Hill, Lynchburg, Va.
ENGINEERING.

"A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure."—Tupper.

Alias "Babe," alias "Sweet Rosa." A sweet, coy young thing with limpid dark brown eyes and an angelic smile. Very popular with the more sentimental of the fair sex, who imagine him a second Sir Launcelot. We feel a hesitancy about telling more of this fair deceiver, as it is an ungrateful act to enlighten a man's friends as to his true character, and sometimes a dangerous one as well, should they be ladies.



HENRY J. GEIGER, - - - Staunton, Va.

ENGINEERING.

"Man delights not me nor woman neither."—Shakespeare.



Alias "Tycho Brahe." Was allowed to exchange a cell in the "Rock Jail," at Staunton for Barracks, and, poor boy, jumped at the chance, little knowing what a proposition he was running up against. His chief peculiarity is a habit of stalking around clad only in a sweet smile, new shoes and a sword—a performance very amusing to his fellow cadets, but hardly calculated to make them put much faith in his matrimonial agency.



JAMES W. GLEASON, - - - Clifton Forge, Va.

ENGINEERING.

"A man that blushes is not quite a fool."—Young.

Alias "Crewe Courier," *alias* "Prince" Chames Von Carewe." An up-to-date railroad man; he can tell you to an ounce the weight of a locomotive. Well versed in magazine and newspaper literature, his favorite expression being "well, anyway, I saw it in the Crewe Courier." Has lived around engines so long that he has acquired the habit of imitating the exhaust, though some unkind ones call it simply snorting.



HUGH M. HOWARD, 337 C St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

ENGINEERING.

*"When you do dance, I wish you a wave of the sea, that you might
do nothing but that."*

—Shakespeare.



Alias "Gastropod," alias "Hiki." A youthful prodigy whose rapid mental and physical development is due solely to Mellin's Food, as before we began using, the child was in very poor health. He is now nearly six months old and can enunciate "Mommer" perfectly. His increase in weight has also been phenomenal and he bids fair to be aldermanic in his proportions. Has grown so rapidly that he has used up all his vitality and is, consequently slow in his movements; some claim that he was born tired, an hypothesis which the facts seem to uphold. We take great pleasure in producing herewith a picture of our bouncing boy.



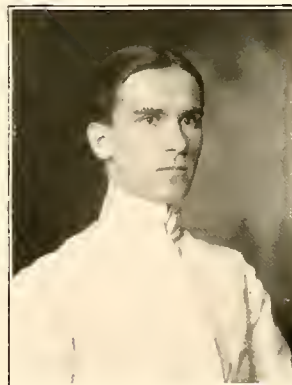
EDWARD DOUGLASS JACKSON,

Front Royal, Va.

ENGINEERING.

"I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew."—Shakespeare.

Alias "Dumb Deacon," alias "Aggie." At one time pastor of Shiloh Colored Baptist Church, but was convicted of using church funds to start a pawn shop and got ten years in the Pen. On account of serious stomach troubles his sentence was commuted to four years at the V. M. I. Notwithstanding that this is his last year, he made an effort to escape but, unfortunately, he chose Mr. Gutz as colleague and missed his train. His trial has not yet been decided upon, though the indications are that he may have to remain another year.



I. BRANCH JOHNSON, - 289 Granby St., Norfolk, Va.

ENGINEERING.

"Of the highness of a house."



Alias "Big I. B." Possessor of a heart very susceptible to the charms of the fair sex, and is, in fact, in love, at present, but does not seem to know the symptoms which is a very bad sign and makes matters much more serious than they would have been otherwise. While speaking of his possessions, it would be well to mention his *glove* a novel feature of his attire, which attracted much attention during the past winter.



ANDREW LANGSTAFF JOHNSTON, - Richmond, Va.

ELECTRICITY.

*"O' his as tedious,
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house—I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, for
Thou feed on cakes and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom."*

—Shakespeare.

Alias "Lang." A prodigy we have produced and of which we were duly proud, although now that the novelty has worn off we are rather ashamed of ourselves. Our only plea is that we are not entirely responsible. Excels all in the number of words spoken to the minute.



CHARLES JOHNSTON, - - - - Salem, Va.

ENGINEERING.

"There's a false gravity that is a very ill symptom; and it may be said that as rivers which run deep have always the most mud at the bottom; so a solid stiffness in the constant course of a man's life is a sign of a thick bed of mud at the bottom of his brain." —Saville.



Alias "Sometimes," and sometimes alias "Zulu." A freak of the first water, about whom the above quotation must have been especially written.



MAX. Q. KELLEY, - 512 Madison St., Lynchburgh, Va.

CHEMISTRY,

"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."—Pope.

Alias "Molecule." An infinitesimal mass of humanity who, nevertheless, is possessed of a brilliant mind. He seems to have come to the Institute for two purposes: To grow and to deprive hard working boys of the honors they otherwise might have gotten.



BEVERLEY CRUMP LEWIS, - - - Richmond, Va.

ELECTRICITY.

"Black is not so black."—Tupper.



Alias "Black Alligator Bait." Comes when called either Bull, Toots or Nigger. Resembles the "Moor of Venice" in more ways than one. A brilliant and eloquent conversationalist and the best natured man in the world.



NICHOLAS T. LUNING, 3855 Telegraph Ave., Oakland, Cal.

ENGINEERING.

"Knowledge is power."—Bacon.

Alias "Ching," alias "Sox." Very versatile, speaks French and Chinese fluently but very little English. His favorite occupations are washing "MY" head and writing to "MY" chump, His hosiery and anecdotes are equally marvelous.



MYRON B. MARSHALL, - - - Portsmouth, Va.

ELECTRICITY.

*"Curst is a man who is wise in his own conceit;
There is more hope of a fool than of him."*



Alias "Babe," "T²," "Puck," Etc. Came among us when yet a boy, his grays being his initial pair of long trousers. This we can hardly realize, for now he is, absolutely, the "biggest" man in the corps. Quite averse to society, though at one time this year he was found guilty by the Commandant of the inexcusable offense of visiting without invitation.



RICHARD F. MAURY, 229 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"He has been at a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps."—Shakespeare.

Alias "Bunsen," alias "Dr.," alias "Dickey Bird," alias "Snipe," alias Ike." Such a variety of aliases must show that the young man is quite a complex character. He came among us hot from the Brooklyn Latin School and was not long in proving that youthfulness is no restriction to knowledge. Complete master of ancient and modern Greek at the age of four. His great knowledge of the sciences and as well his exhaustive study of German syntax have gained for him the name of "Bunsen." Despite his great learning his youthfulness crops



out at times and he becomes exceedingly coy and bashful. He isn't of a bad sort, but he had a bug that he was put in the world for editing college annuals. Since the publication of the present issue, he has changed his mind, and will pursue the study of meteorology for a livelihood.

HENRY M. McCANCE, - 263 N. Lombard St., Richmond, Va.

*"He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach."—Shakespeare.*



Alias "Cocky," alias "Cribes." A tall, handsome, broad-shouldered young man, wearing the air of a 'Varsity sport. Strayed to the Institute in '98 for the purpose of reducing his weight. Four years treatment, as the photograph shows, has worked wonders. Although handicapped by loss of appetite he has made a good soldier. Refused a commission in the army to accept a position as Colonel Tuckers assistant in the capacity of expert borax bead tester.



FREDERICK CARLETON McCONNELL, Grace St., Richmond.

ENGINEERING.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear."—Shakespeare.

Alias "The Diddler" alias "The Vulture." The original leader of the anvil chorus and a general repository for odds and ends of information (and other stuff), which he is always too willing to distribute. His conversational powers indeed are warranted "Sterling." Has never been known to miss a "box" or a chance to pun.



F. REGESTER MEGINNISS, - - - Baltimore, Md.

ELECTRICITY.

*"Upon what food hath this our Caesar
fed that he is grown so great."—Shakespeare.*



Alias "Pud," alias "Mrs. Murphy." Although as yet a young man, he has Willie Westinghouse Edison-Smith looking like a "quarter-horse." It is doubtful whether he is destined to shine as an "end man," Hoochie-coochie dancer, or alderman, for all three of which he is equally qualified.

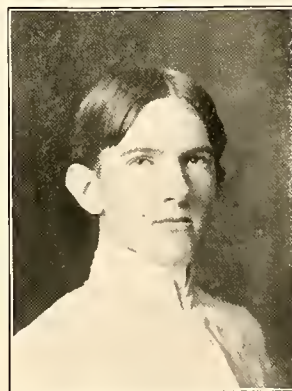


FREDERICK M. PARRISH, 52 Court St., Portsmouth, Va.

"And when he next doth ride abroad, may I be there to see."

Alias "Seedy", alias "Frink," alias "Jack the Ripper."

Long, lean, lanky and generally underfed; an expert equestrian as was shown by his exhibition given a few Saturdays ago. Beyond this and his tendencies to impersonate Jack the Ripper nothing much is known of him. No marked vices except an uncontrollable desire at all times to go to the sutlers.



ANDREW C. PERKINS, - 508 Greene St., Augusta, Ga.

"Satire is my weapon."—Pope.



Alias "Si," alias "Crazy Will." A more satirical and ironical personage is rarely ever encountered. It was through the excessive uses of these faculties that he gained for himself the latter alias, from which it must not be inferred that he is at all dangerous. Understands only the most perfect English and never fails on an occasion of a misused term to say: "I don't know what you mean by that." Very fond of fables, especially those of Geo. Ade, though, as yet, we can't say he has profited by the morals



ANDREW BRYSON RAWN, - - - Roanoke, Va.

ENGINEERING.

That tower of strength which stood four-square to all the winds that blew."

Alias "Willie Spotted Tail." As a reporter once wrote his name should be prefixed by a "b," a silent, taciturn man, with a fixed gloomy look. First cousin to "Sitting Bull," one of Rinehart's Indians. One of the principals in the famous Johnston-Rawn duel.



THOMAS M. RINEHART, - - - - Covington, Va.

ENGINEERING.

"Our cat has a monstrous tail."—Montaigne.



Alias "Poley." In former years was a perfect daredevil and along with such spirits as "Skeeter" and "Tobie" was in the forefront of all mischief, but has long since reformed and we have every hope that the cure which has been effected will be permanent and that from now on his life will be exemplary.



RALPH A. RISSER, - - - - - Calvert, Tex.

ENGINEERING.

*"Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream,
Fantastic as a woman's mood.—Scott.*

"It was like breaking home ties for him to say good-bye to a Mirror."—Geo. Ade.

Alias "Ducky," alias "Dimples," alias "Handsome."

Came to the V. M. I for the purpose of proving to the world that the Wild and Woolly West is capable of producing handsome men. This startling announcement was made several days before his arrival and the excitement it aroused among the Lexington "calic" has continued without abatement to the present day. Our first impression of him was that he never realized "der fluch der schonheit." Had an unusually developed mind, which he has well-nigh destroyed in his efforts to say "I" with the proper emphasis.



JAMES H. ROGERS, - - - - - Maysville, Ky.

ELECTRICITY.

*"Nose, nose, nose, nose!
And who gave you that jolly red nose."*



Alias "The Bird," "Happy Hooligan." It does us good to state that we have met this cultured, polished (especially his beak) gentleman from Kentucky, and it would be of immense advantage to any student of the English language to be thrown in contact with him.



WM. V. SMILEY, - - - - - Moffetts Creek, Va.

"How much the worst in one so old."

Alias, "Smou," *alias* "Fossil." The prize winner and favorite of "Dow's Lambs," although it seems hardly right to apply such a term to so venerable a man as the subject of our sketch. Discovered some years ago by Geike embodied in a slab of limestone which has since been proved to belong to the Cretaceons. Held office for some time, but has been placed on the retired list. A remarkably fine fellow with a fund of humor that time has not dulled.



EUGENE R. DE STEIGER,

- - San Morcos, Tex.

"This story will not go down."—Feilding.



Alias "De," alias "Physics." Another member of '02 whose presence in Lexington society has been strongly felt. Very handsome, and possessed of a tongue of silver which, it is said, he uses to great advantage in getting bids to dinners, etc. Made a great hit in Charleston, and it was with difficulty that we could rescue him from the onrush of his female admirers. Fled to the Institute in '98 to seek refuge from six breach-of-promise suits; but from the number of blue envelopes he receives daily we judge that he is still in trouble.



HENRY W. STUDE, - 810-812 Preston Ave., Houston, Tex.

ENGINEERING.

*"One pinch, a hungry-fac'd villian,
A mere anatomy."—Shakespeare.*

Alias "Horse," alias "Alma Canzer." A record breaker, whose favorite expression "Go to Church" if taken to heart in his own case might accomplish wonders. He will owe his fortune when made to the start he made as a seller of rings. An imposing officer, a master of rhetoric and cooking.



PAUL A. TILLERY, - - - - - Ederton, N. C.

ELECTRICITY.

*"I am declined
Into the vale of years."—Shakespeare.*



Alias "Pat," "Uncle Pat," "Hercules." A tall young man famed as the originator of that bright saying "dont be woozy—chew Faultless Chips" which he does energetically. In his youth was noted for his feats of strength, but now is becoming old and infirm. Knows so much about his favorite and special study that he has been requested to take Col. Mallory's position.



BEVERLY H. TUCKER, 2030 Broadway, San Francisco, Cal.

"Drinks and gapes for drink again."

Alias "Nutz," alias "Butch." A man of moods; in his normal state is very meek and modest, but when he is rubbed the wrong way a more ferocious piece of humanity cannot be found. Looks best in complete football uniform. After graduation he will succeed "Speedy, the High Diver," and all friends going to St. Louis are requested to look him up and look up at him.



H. TUTWILER, - - 2030 Park Ave., Birmingham, Ala.

"Wise as a frog."—Tupper.



Alias "Frog," alias "Captain." Came to the Institute because he felt the necessity of retrenchment in his expenditure of gray matter and has been retrenching ever since. Possessed of a keen sence of humor and a truly Homeric laugh which rivals that of the immortal Todd Kirk. His only trouble in life is his official connection with the *Bomb*.



WM. PETERSON UPSHUR, - 210 Grace St., Richmond, Va.

ELECTRICITY.

"Willie is the lad with the loft full of light conversation and Mama lets him stay out till 9.15 every evening."

—John Henry.

Alias "Pete," alias "Tank," alias "Prince." In this young man we present, probably, the vilest enemy the Institute has. In his younger days whiskey, cards, etc., held such a charm for him that at the earliest possible date he was sent here in hope that he would give up the world and devote his whole life to "things military." The photo we herewith produce, if examined closely, will show the effects of attempted reform. Early in his career as a cadet he proved his dislike for military discipline. We have always tried to encourage him, but alas!



Swords, sash, plumes, blues, paletots, etc., were of no avail. Compelled by force to remain, he has endeared himself to us by his genial disposition and ever willingness to relate his wild and thrilling adventures at the Old Sweet.

M. F. M. WERTH, - - - 312 E. Main St., Richmond, Va.

ELECTRICITY.

"Did you ever hear that boy laugh?"—Browning

"My only books

Were woman's looks,

And folly's all they taught me."—Moore.



Alias "Goat," *alias* "Gen'l Miles." Registered at the V. M. I. as Matthew Fontaine Maury Werth, Richmond, Va. At first we thought that he was trying to offset the greatness of his name by claiming Richmond for his home. The fact was soon discovered however that there's nothing in a name. He was introduced in Lexington society several days after his arrival; and ever since he has been acknowledged second only as a leader to Chas. Johnston, colored. He has a private office in the tower in which he devotes most of his time to

inventing intricate German figures. As an officer, proved his abilities at squad drill—Likes to go on O. D., and when he does we all realize what the V. M. I. could be.



JENNINGS C. WISE, - - - New York, N. Y.

"A chubby round-faced boy."

Alias "Chub," *alias* "Tim," *alias* "The Man with the Pull." Was sent to the Institute in the hope that the military training and limited allowance of food would impart to his form an approximately human shape. Some improvements have been noted; but it is recommended that he remain four more years. When not asleep he possesses the rare faculty of conveying the idea that he is very bright. His literary fame is due to his two latest works, "How to learn while you sleep," and "Eastern Shore Experiences."



JESSE B. WRIGHT, - - - - - Allwood, Va.

"Each man reaps his own farm."



Alias "Rube," "Flying Searg," "Major." One of the few who come to the Institute for the purpose of learning, and his efforts have not been fruitless, for he candidly admits that he now knows how to put out an incandescent without breaking the globe. Addicted to the habit of singing and when there is no one to stop him, sings with violin accompaniment a charming little ditty, entitled, "The Cowboy Cavalier. Was forced by law to give up music and leaves us to take up the important position as Commandant at the D. M. I., the West Point of Danville, Va.



First-Class Faults.



"The greatest of faults' I should say, is to be conscious of none."

—Carlyle's *"Heroes and Hero-Worship."*



SYMPATHIZING classmate, indulgent alumnus, compassionate reader, whoever you may be, please try to be an easy critic while perusing the pages of this exhaustive (or exhausting) memoir on "Faults." The information herein given may be of inestimable value to you sometime in after life, when you are called on to do stunts in a literary way—write a class history or something of that kind. You think you are digging away very successfully in a vein of fine humor, when, all of a sudden, you strike a fault—the sparkling nuggets of wit can no longer be seen; at your despairing stroke the solid wall of criticism gives back a mocking ring, and those who had been your friends turn away from you. If at such a time as this, my little memoir may throw a ray of light into the dark, vacant galleries of your mind, show you that you are at a fault, and, perchance, expose to you the fact that the expense and trouble of recovering the lost vein would not be justified by the present prices of that species of irony found disseminated through it; or in other words, clearly convince you that it behooves you to make the *amende honorable*, back out, and seek elsewhere a more profitable vein;—I say, if my "faults" may be the means of doing all this good, I shall feel that I have not labored in vain, and even if I do have to fly homeward—steady! fly some-where-else-ward without that long yearned-for "dip.", I shall feel that during this last year of my cadet life, I have not pored bootless over the abstruse pages of my Geology, which branch of science, by the way, surely will be of very little use to one who intends to be a literary man. Now, in the case of a large proportion of our class, a thorough knowledge of this subject will be found indispensable, more especially of those who expect to take

up mining, breaking rocks, or touring. Pardon the digression, but I would like to remark in passing, that, in my opinion, the majority of the men of 1902 lean towards the last named occupation. Some of them already have attained to a high rank in the Ancient Order of Tourists, and often can be seen in the bewitching hours of night, walking slowly back and fourth through the courtyard, conversing in low tones upon the style of architecture of Barracks, gazing at the lovely stars, and listening to the ceaseless murmurs of the Nile, as it slowly but surely aids in reducing this region to the base-level of erosion.

N. B.—For at least one bum BOMB historian a year to allow his poetic nature to overflow at the expense of the poor, little innocent Nile is a custom, whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary; and this historian, though he feels that it would be no more than just to this stream, to make it for once, like the Battle of New Market, conspicuous by its absence, yet shrinks from establishing a precedent.

But to return to the digression concerning the Ancient Order of Tourists—it seems to be a great fad, but strange to say, touring has never had the slightest attraction for me. I don't want to tour; they say it is a habit that grows on one, and it is to avoid becoming addicted to this habit that I nervously reach for the light and turn it out every time I hear any one coming down the stoop. Of course, my compassionate reader, you don't understand how turning on an electric light at this late hour of night could have anything to do with forming the habit of touring, so I shall have to explain: Well, as both my sympathizing classmate and my indulgent alumnus well know, "running lights" is an irregularity and also a fault, and in order to stop all such irregularities, whenever a cadet is "nipped" therein, the commandant straightway invites him to become one of the A. O. T.'s which invitation is rarely declined.

But there is another advantage which a knowledge of Geology bestows, and which I was getting ready to tell you about when I had to bob up serenely and turn out the light,—really this suspense is terrible; it is undoubtedly that which makes my style so digressive; at each bobbing up, I seem to lose the thread, as it were, and have to digress into something else—it is of great use to students in writing essays and things. We once wrote a thesis on "Faults," ourselves (our Professor said we might call them "theses" if we wanted to), but it wasn't our fault—it was our Professor's, and he discovered several faults in reading them over, of which our weekly marks might have been called the "surface indications." It was surprising with what a slim stock of information some of our hopefuls started in to write their "theses"; and these, feeling themselves incapable of putting their knowledge on the subject into writing, determined not to

try to improve on the language of Dana, Geikie and Le Conte, and consulted the works of these authors very impartially. Perhaps the obscurity of the surface indications of their "faults" was due to their having neglected to enclose their "theses" in quotation marks.

Friend alumnus, am I trying the powers of your endurance too far? No doubt, while you were struggling with those faults and things, getting ready for your final examination, you consoled yourself with the thought that you would soon be where no mention of them would be heard of, and here they come again to haunt you! I had intended throwing in something about "Gravity" Faults, "Thrust" Faults, "Strike" Faults, "Dip" Faults, etc., merely to give dignity to the narration, but I am afraid your patience is already exhausted; and besides, it would not be fair to "my compassionate reader" who, I shall assume is "my fair reader," since she, having no faults, knows nothing about them (one moment, until I pick up a few of these boquets.)

Now, Mr. Alumnus, it is not my desire to expose any of your faults, but I know very well how glad you used to be to hear those words of the preacher—"and lastly," and I suspect he threw them out merely to soothe cadets; perhaps I had better throw them out to sooth alumni, but I would fain ask a few questions before closing.

I know it is orthodox to love and stand up for your Alma Mater, and to sing the praises of your classmates good and true, and to maintain that they were all without faults, but I want you to tell me confidentially,—was there really such a surprising paucity of irregularities perpetrated when you were a cadet? Be careful, now—because if you say that yours was such a faultless class, I shall not know whether you really deserved to be set up on pedestals and worshipped as heroes (as some seem to be worshipped now) or whether you were guilty of that greatest of faults—being conscious of none. I want to see if we were so much more "irregular" during the first half of our graduating year than you were. Think well, and see if you can't remember, when you arrived at that high and mighty estate of the First-Class private, how you used to smile in your sleep when the shrill notes of the fife accompanied by the drum call the rats and other underclassmen to rev.—they called not for you. Do you remember how you sat in your room, and heard the roll-call for drill, and smiled as you answered your name to yourself, knowing that your more fortunate (?) classmates in command would "treat you right?" Do you remember how the rats used to bring up your coffee-bottle on those cold winter mornings; how they would "come a-running" with matches, cigarettes, stamps, "chewing" and other things necessary to your health and comfort? Do you recall all those privileges that so well

showed the force of temporal power, the attribute to awe and majesty, wherein did sit the dread and fear of the First-Class privates? Alas! those too, too dear privileges have melted, thawed and resolved themselves into irregularities; and irregularities must be put down. The fife and drum now call especially to us to come to rev.; we are "ridden" at drill as if we were rats; and our classmates "bone" us without mercy. Oh, woe is me, to have seen what I have seen, see what I see! But what boots it to complain?

This last digression was only for the purpose of presenting to you more clearly the striking difference in the aspect or fancies under which old "1902" is displayed in the first and in the last half of the Quarternary Period. In the former, we find it a region of lofty mountains and deep valleys, sublime in its confused ruggedness and irregularities—in the latter we find it worn down to a peneplain, with only here and there a meagre privilege rising above its low-lying featureless surface; and lastly, we observe that at the beginning of the last half of the period, the great fault which had been formed two or three periods before, could no longer be seen,—all surface indications had been lost. Towards the end of the first half, the wine of re-union, percolating from through both sides, deposited from solution an auriferous vein of friendship in the fracture, cementing the two wall firmly together. The sturdy branch has been grafted back into the mother Tree—*gaudeamus igitur*.

CLASS HISTORY OF 1902.

M. Q. Kelly.



CLASS OF 1903.



Colors:—WHITE AND EMERALD GREEN.



OFFICERS:

S. S. LEE, *President.*

J. H. ELLERSON, *Vice-President.*

P. L. MINOR, *Historian.*

MEMBERS:

Anderson, William B Richmond, Va.

Blackwell, William T. Durham N. C.

Bouldin, Wood, Jr Houston, Va.

Bridges, David Q Richmond, Va.

Brown, Richard H Tyler, Tex.

Carneal, William L Richmond, Va.

Dewey, George S Goldsboro, N. C.

Dewey, Thomas A. Goldsboro, N. C.

Ellerson, John H Richmond, Va.

Flowerree, Harry L. . . . Vicksburg, Miss.

Ford, Milton E Washington, D. C.

French, D. Milton Alexandria, Va.

Heiberger, Franz J. . . . Washington, D. C.

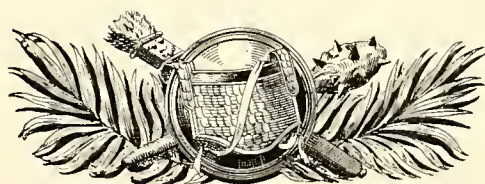
Lee, Sidney Smith . . . Fredericksburg, Va.

Lynch, Oliver A. Richmond, Va.

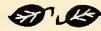
Macomber, Robert N Richmond, Va.



Mahone, William. Petersburg, Va.
 McAdow, Lewis H. Bozeman, Mont.
 Milton, Marshall McC Berryville, Va.
 Minor, Philip L. Uniontown, Pa.
 Mullen, Clarie S Petersburg, Va.
 Owen, J. Doniphan. Lynchburg, Va.
 Paul, John Harrisonburg.
 Perry, Victor H. Sherman, Texas.
 Phillips, John F. Tyler, Texas.
 Rankin, Harry P. Luray, Va.
 Shelton, George M. Waco, Texas.
 Shields, E. Southard Lexington, Va.
 Sinclair, Jefferson B Hampton, Va.
 Tate, William H Baltimore, Md.
 Utter, J. Samuel Danville, Va.
 Waddill, Edmund C. Richmond, Va.
 White, Thomas W Abingdon, Va.
 Whittle, Stafford G Martinsville, Va.



History *of* 1903.



OUR class, the Class of '03, has almost passed through the trials and tribulations of three years, to take up at last the burden of the dignified First Classman, and through all this long time the varied experiences and undertakings make it's career a notable and momentous one.

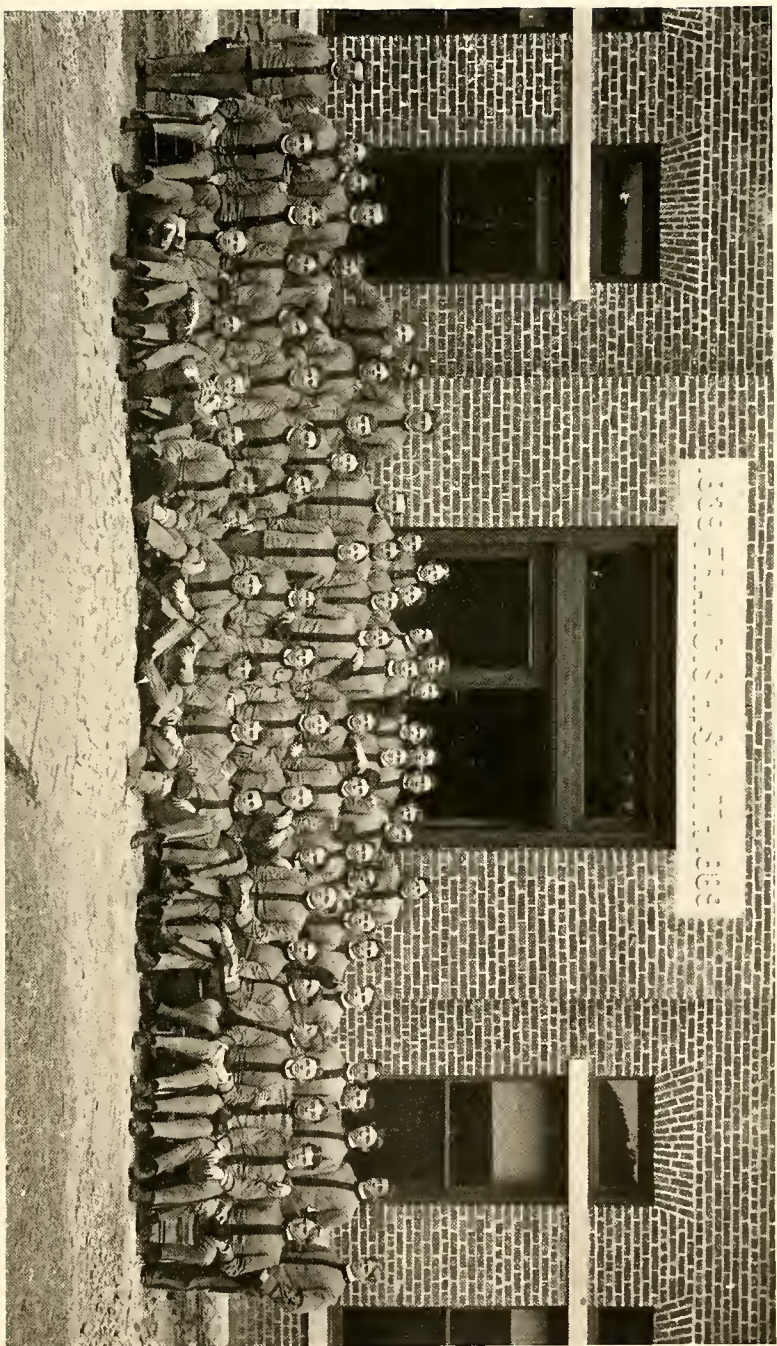
As "Rats" we performed our many onerous tasks with an avidity and willingness that surprised many a boy, who had never before served in the capacity of family servant.

As our first "Finals" drew near, a feeling of unrest took possession of everyone, we longing for the time when despised, "Rathood" would be but a thing of the past, the others for higher honors. But 1900 passed, and with it the many occurrences which, as we now know, rendered it the most pleasant year of our history.

The Third Classman, on his return in the fall imagines himself a "King among Kings," and traditional as it is, we naturally believed ourselves the school's most privileged characters; but this illusion was soon dispelled, and we fully agreed at the "Finals" that the Third Classman is but a puppet, swayed by the opinion of others, ready to move at anyone's beck and call.

During the vacation intervening between our second and third years, we took advantage of every opportunity to enjoy a free and easy life, and come back in the "Fall" with brighter hopes, and a steady determination to make the best of everything.

Our Second Class year is by far the most important and deserving of comment, for during that time, the most important issues of the class were decided. And who among us will ever forget the chain of circumstances which has only served to bind us closer together and center in us an undying regard for each other? As the years roll by, we will recall with many pleasant memories, the Sunday evening suppers and soirées tendered to the members of 1903.



We now look forward with undisguised pleasure to the time when we may don the "Blues," the very fitting emblem of the Senior Class, and we see the goal for which we have been so manfully striving gradually but infallibly draw near.

And now before parting:—"Here's to the members of '1903," who have stood tried and fast to the Red, White, and Yellow and to the White and Emerald-Green; may we always remain staunch and true to ourselves, honorable and upright in the discharge of our duties, faithful and loyal to our colors.

P. L. M.



CLASS OF 1904.



Colors:—YELLOW AND RED



OFFICERS.

L. C. LEFTWICH, *President.*

W. W. DILLARD, *Vice-President.*

E. C. CALDWELL, *Historian.*

MEMBERS.

Allport, Robert B. Richmond, Va.

Biscoe, John E. Washington, D. C.

Borden, Paul L. Goldsboro, N. C.

Boyd, Richard E. Richmond, Va.

Boykin, N. Young Smithfield, Va.

Calcutt, Harry C. Dyersburg, Tenn.

Caldwell, Ellis C. Stop, Va.

Camp, Paul R. Franklin, Va.

Clarke, Bailey T. Owensboro, Ky.

Collier, Charles F. Petersburg, Va.

Conlyn, T. Bryce Baltimore, Md.

Conper, William Norfolk, Va.

Crowdus, John W. Dallas, Tex.

Currier, William P. Design, Va.

Dawley, Claude S. Dallas, Tex.

Dillard, William W. Lynchburg, Va.

Doyle, E. Fitzgerald Norfolk, Va.
 Easley, James S. Houston, Va.
 Elstner, William H. Shreveport, La.
 Fletcher, Oscar W. Jenkins Bridge, Va.
 Flowers, U. Grey Vicksburg, Miss.
 Funkhouser, Samuel K. . . Harrisonburg, Va.
 Gordon, T. Croxton Richmond, Va.
 Hancock, C. Nathan . West Appomattox, Va.
 Hardwicke, Clifford G. Sherman, Tex.
 Harris, Nicholas C. Bellevue, Va.
 Harris, R. Logan Blackstone, Va.
 Harris, Weaver Nashville, Tenn.
 Headley, George W. Lexington, Ky.
 Hollingsworth, C. Wise. . . Shreveport, La.
 Howard, Clyde S. Pine, Va.
 Humphreys, Ormond L. . . Bedford City, Va.
 Hundley, Waller M. Farmville, Va.
 Hyatt, F. Kempton Jonesville, Va.
 Jester, Hugh C. Corsicana, Tex.
 Johnson, E. Hammond Norfolk, Va.
 Kennon, William G. Subletts, Va.
 Langhorne, William H. . . . Greenwood, Va.
 La Prade, W. Waverley . . . Otterdale, Va.
 Lathrop, C. Barksdale. . . . Richmond, Va.
 Leftwich, Lewis C. Dallas, Tex.
 Loughridge, Sidney A. . . . Lexington, Ky.
 Macfarlane, Graham . . . Clarksville, Tenn.
 Marshall, Gilbert . . . Bay St. Louis, Miss.
 McChord, William C. . . . Springfield, Ky.
 Mort, John E. Bristol, Va.
 Mourning, Garland H. . . . Louisville, Ky.
 Newman, John W. Maryville, Mo.

Noland, C. Powell	Middleburg, Va.
Norton, Cleveland H.	Durham, N. C.
Orme, James B. L.	Washington, D. C.
Owen, Charles H.	Denniston, Va.
Page, Nat B.	Boyce, Va.
Pearson, D. Cecil	Pearisburg, Va.
Pennington, Cameron E.	Pennington Gap, Va.
Purman, Daniel O.	Homestead, Pa.
Quigley, Thomas	Paducah, Ky.
Ragland, Rueben	Petersburg, Va.
Risser, R. Eugene	Calvert, Tex.
Roby, Thomas W.	Portsmouth, Va.
Ross, George E.	Lexington, Va.
Scott, Hal L.	Montgomery, Ala.
Semmes, Thomas M.	Lexington, Va.
Smoot, Arthur H.	Richmond, Va.
Smoot, Frank L. B.	Washington, D. C.
Taylor, H. Seldon, Jr.	Richmond, Va.
Thomas, Peirre	Culpeper, Va.
Thomson, Paul J.	Summit Point, W. Va.
Upshur, Alfred P.	Richmond, Va.
Vaughan, G. Frank	Ashland, Va.
Weaver, Walter	Fort Monroe, Va.
Whiting, Edgar M.	Marshall, Va.
Whittle, Henry D.	Martinsville, Va.
Wilbourn, Arthur E.	Lexington, Va.
Williams, J. Stuart	Lexington, Va.
Wood, F. Travers	Richmond, Va.
Worden, Horace B.	Missoula, Mont.
Total	77.

Third Class History.



WHEN the members of the newly made third class went hurrying to their rooms on the closing day of the '01 finals, after the promotions had been read, "Auld Lang Syne" played, and the battalion dismissed, all hearts were light. Whether he stood among the fortunate twenty, who were destined to wear corporal chevrons and become satellites in the arena of military life, or whether he ranked with that humble class—the privates—that third classman's breast was filled with a keenly sensitive feeling of delight, indescribable to those who have never experienced a like emotion. To the member of '04 the shackles of plebedom had forever vanished, the *mistah* hitherto attached so tauntingly to his name by the upper classmen had been dropped, "finning out" was a thing of the past; and to him the thought that in the future he would stand in the front rank, swing his arms and "gently" caution "rats" not to walk on his heels, was by no means distressing.

The cherished dreams of home which had sweetened his sleep for three hundred successive nights, would soon be a reality. He could scarcely appreciate the fact that before many sunsets he would see mother, sweetheart, and friends, that for two months his slumbers would not be interrupted by the shrill notes of reveille, that a break had at last come in the interminable routine of guard duty and penalty tours; and that now his ravenous appetite, made doubly sharp by ten months of tough steak, "growley," and limited portions of pie, would be satisfied by something more palatable.

Vacation seemed very short to these "lusty lads," who strove to fulfill Shakespeare's command:

*"Do nothing but eat and make good cheer,
And praise heaven for the merry year."*

The eleventh of September came too soon; but after all the pleasures of vacation, was there a single third classman who was not anxious to get back to V. M. I., greet again his classmates, and continue his career, not as a "rat," but as an old cadet?

When we look over our class roll, however, we find that nine of our original number did not come back. There are several theories as to why these men did not reappear. The first asserts that the boys were completely annihilated by the exhaustive final drills, the second is that they were wounded in the awful charges of the sham-battle, while a third holds that they, being of delicate constitutions; could not withstand the attack made upon their altruistic emotions by the "calic" at the final ball. After a careful study of the laws of cause and effect, the opinion has forced itself upon the writer that the boys have simply followed the example of Rip Van Winkle in "The Legend of Sleepy Hallow," and are now resting peacefully in the arms of Morpheus.

Upon our return we found many interesting specimens of humanity occupying the fourth stoop. These unlettered creatures, so cheeky and docile in their ignorance, were sadly in need of the care and keeping which third classmen have hitherto exercised with such diligence over their charges. But that detestable bazing pledge, signed in an hour of affliction, prevented us from giving them the highly beneficial coaching they needed so badly. However, they were not long in learning the first rules of military etiquette, as is evidenced by the fact that they always "pinned out stiff" when in the region of third classmen's quarters.

According to the time honored custom, the members of our Class are the mischief makers in the Institute; and, as a disturber of barracks tranquillity, '04 deserves to go down in history second only to the famous "fire works" class of '99. Often after taps the "corp" and the sentinels were thrown into a state of excitement by queer noises, sometimes resembling the notes of a cow-bell, which no one could explain. One morning, daylight revealed the fact that the Smith Academic Building had received some gaudy decorations of an orange and crimson color, and to the careful observer the figures "'04" were clearly discernible. The O. D., the corp. and the sentinels were carefully questioned by the Commandant as to the probable perpetrator of this breach against the dignity of the Institute, but to no avail. A little later "Old George" appeared in a dazzling coat of '04 colors. Third classmen looked so meek and innocent, however, that not even suspicion could be traced to any one; and the Commandant was forced to console himself by supposing that both jobs were done by some master spirit, who, intent upon doing honor to General Washington and General Smith, could conceive of no more appropriate way than to adorn the monuments to their memory with '04 class-colors.

At Christmas, the noise created by '04 made the quiet element of the corps suspect that the host of Hades had transformed their habitation to barracks. We quote the following lines from the pen of "Nick" Harris, which describe the situation:

“December finally rolled around
And Christmas entered in our bones
And oft was heard the fireworks sound
Booming with their shrilly tones.

“Most Junior old cadets had *swore*
Since hazing we were pledged to stop,
That this old Class of Nineteen-Four
Would ever make Professors hop.

“And keep the Institute in fear
That we would tear the barracks down
As they did in their Third Class year,
When they ruled the school and town.

“But when Christmas came at last,
We proved we would uphold
Traditions of the best Third Class
Cadets have 'ere been told.

“The sentinels walking in their pride
Were stormed with cannon crackers,
And left their posts to run and hide
From their unseen attackers.

“The ‘O. D.,’ from his office dashed
To stop the great display
But when he found how fireworks crashed,
He rushed back in dismay.

“Then ‘Puck’ in anger cried aloud :
The like was never seen before,
I’ll stop it though or ship the crowd,
That Naughty Class, Naught Four.

“Next morning George Washington he saw
Arrayed in colors bright.
And knew '04 men broke the law
To paint him Christmas night.

“Then angrily he snatched his pen,
And wrote to end his trouble :
‘Detail on guard some fifty men
If this continues, make it double.’”

Aside from this coisterous fear, however, '04 resorted to other methods to keep spirits up and "blues" down. Prominent among these we mention the dancing class which met weekly in No. 9 and afforded instruction as well as amusement to those interested in acquiring grace to "tip the light fantastic toe." The glee club, too, composed of mandolines, guitars, and a chorus of good noises, is a source of pride to the Class.

Just here we will speak of the addition to our number made by the "third class rats." At the opening of the session twenty-three new men passed the necessary examinations, and took up the course of study prescribed for the third class. It was not until late in February, however, that these men "put away childish thoughts" as it were and became full fledged third classmen. The affectionate manner in which the original members of '04 extended to the new comers the hand of fellowship and bade them welcome into the class still remains vividly upon their memory. The "grip" used on this occasion was somewhat peculiar; the candidate for admission occupied a half-standing, half-lying posture over the table, while the old member impressed his sincerity with a well seasoned broomstick. All can testify to the warmth of their initiation.

It gives us pleasure to say in regard to the men who make up this new element, that they are all good, earnest, hard-working fellows who stand high in the section room, and who, we predict, will in the future prove an honor to the class.

Just eight more weeks of recitation and examinations and the notes of "Auld Lang Syne" will be heard again. To us they will proclaim the tidings of another vacation, and impress the fact that half of our Institute career is at an end. May the second half be as pleasant and as profitable as the first has been.

Historian.



CLASS OF 1905.



Colors:

OFFICERS:

J. B. GLENN, *President*

R. G. DE VOE, *Vice-President.*

C. H. LOOP, *Historian.*

MEMBERS:

Allen, A. Holmes . . Summit Point, W. Va.

Anderson, Calvert A. Lee, Va.

Atwill, Charles B. Kinsale, Va.

Barr, Albert T. Norfolk, Va.

Baxter, Jerre. . . . Nashville, Tenn.

Bennett, William B. Weston, W. Va.

Berry, John Waterville, Kan.

Best, William H. . . Goldsboro, N. C.

Boyd, Thomas M. . . . Bryant, Va.

Burruss, Eugene L. . . . Norfolk, Va.

Camp, John M. . . . Franklin, Va.

Cannon, Masten L. . Concord, N. C.

Carlton, Harry Emporia, Va.

Carroll, John V. Fort Benton, Mont.

Cashman, Randall J. Vicksburg, Miss.

Cauthorn, Ross A. Tappahannock, Va.

Daniel, John W. . Washington, D. C.

Davant, Harry W. . . . Roanoke, Va.

Davant, William T. . . Roanoke, Va.

Davis, Chauncey, C. . Seymour, Tex.

Davis, Cecil L. . . . Vicksburg, Miss.

De Armond, George W. . Butler, Mo.

De Mott, J. H. New Brunswick, N. J.

Dennis, Nelson C. . New York, N. Y.

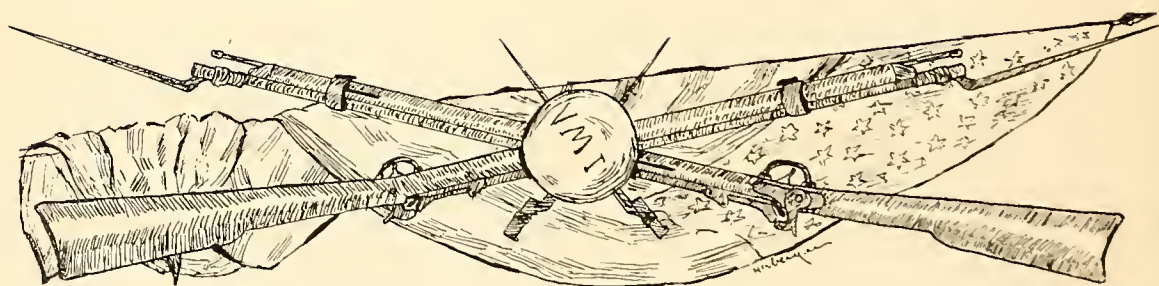
De Voe, Ralph G. . . Seattle, Wash.
 Dickie, Herbert G. . Massies Mills, Va.
 Di Giorgio, Samuel . Baltimore, Md.
 Eglin, Henry T. . . Lewinsville, Va.
 Elliott, William . . . Camden, Ark.
 Garth, W. Willis . . Huntsville, Ala.
 Gay, Joseph P. . . . Franklin, Va.
 Glenn, John B. . . Greensboro, N. C.
 Hagan, Carroll D. . . Richmond, Va.
 Hamilton, Clair O. . Bloomington, Ill.
 Hewitt, John D. . Bramwell, W. Va.
 Hickman, Wm. T. . Owensboro, Ky.
 Hobson, George R. . . Ashland, Va.
 Hoskins, Thomas D. . Summit, Miss.
 Howry, C. B., Jr. . Washington, D. C.
 Huddleston, O. W. . . Roanoke, Va.
 James, Russell Danville, Va.
 Johnson, Roy . . . Bloomington, Ill.
 Jones, Thomas R. . . . Norfolk, Va.
 Junker, William M. . . Pittsburg, Pa.
 Keyser, Joseph W. . Washington, Va.
 La Mont, Louis C. . . . Chicago, Ill.
 Lee, Archie C. Palatka, Fla.
 Lee, E. Borden . . . Goldsboro, N. C.
 Loop, Chester, H. Chattanooga, Tenn.
 Macfarlane, Edward . . Towanda, Pa.
 Marcus, Mitchell. . Tallahassee, Fla.
 Marshall, Joseph M. . . Norfolk, Va.
 Martin, Rorer, J. . . . Axton, Va.
 McCormick, Walter B. . Chicago, Ill.
 McNutt, C. A. W. . Monroe City, Mo.
 Meeks, Emmet . . . Nashville, Tenn.
 Merritt, James A. . . Baltimore, Md.
 Meyer, George Pittsburg, Pa.
 Padgitt, R. Edgar . . Dallas, Texas.
 Page, Edwin R. . . . Ansted, W. Va.
 Parsons, Harry E. . . . Accomac, Va.
 Penn, Eugene C. . . Reidsville, N. C.

Pennington, E. P. Stanardsville, Pa.
 Pigue, James . . . Nashville, Tenn.
 Rea, William McC . . Pittsburg, Pa.
 Rich, Joseph U. G. . Nashville, Tenn.
 Robertson, Cecil C. . Jacksonville, Fla.
 Ruckman, F. V. . Monongah, W. Va.
 Russell, Jack R. . . Bonham, Tex.
 Schlacks, Robert J. . . Denver, Colo.
 Shields, William R. . Lexington, Va.
 Shropshire, James K. Lexington, Ky.
 Smith, C. Edwin . Fairmont, W. Va.
 Smith, Holland . Rockingham, N. C.
 Sparks, James D. . Fort Smith, Ark.
 Steele, Frank B. . . Keystone, W. Va.
 Stewart, Paul R. . . Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Tabb, Paul Hampton, Va.
 Taliaferro, A. Barclay . . Nasons, Va.
 Uhler, A. Lenox . . Alexandria, Va.
 Van Valkenburgh, J. Huntsville, Ala.
 Via, J. Thomas . . . Woolwine, Va.
 Voss, Maxwell H. . . . El Paso, Tex.
 Waggoner, Guy. . . . Decatur, Tex.
 Wilson, Fred . . Chattanooga, Tenn.
 Young, Robert S. . . Concord, N. C.
 Total 86.

RECAPITULATION.

Virginia 122
 Texas 19
 North Carolina 13
 Kentucky 9
 Tennessee 9
 District of Columbia 8
 West Virginia 8
 Mississippi 7
 Alabama 6
 Maryland 6
 Pennsylvania 6

Illinois	4
Florida	3
Missouri	3
Montana	3
New York	3
Arkansas	2
Georgia	2
Louisiana	2
California	1
Colorado	1
Kansas	1
New Jersey	1
Ohio	1
Washington	1
Total	241

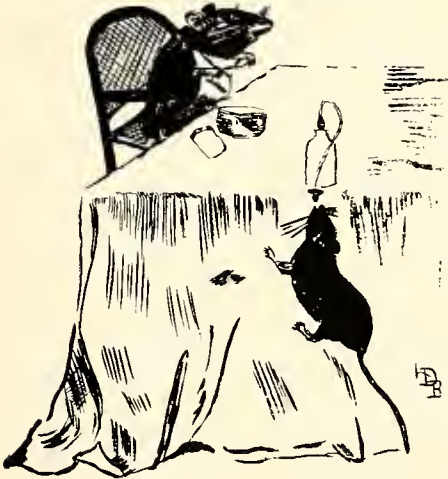




History of 1905.



The advent of the Class of 1905 marks an important point in the history of the Virginia Military Institute. Heretofore the "rats" have cleaned upper class-



men's guns and accoutrements, policed their rooms, and in many other ways helped to make life easy for them. They have felt the bayonet and the broom-handle when they needed correction for "cheekiness," and have been dumped on a cold, bare floor in the middle of the night in order to be made to appreciate their beds. All of this, however, is now a thing of the past; hazing was abolished by resolution in the middle of last year, and, although a "rat" must know his place and keep it even now, he is not subject to correction by means of bayonets and broom-handles.

As long as hazing alone is thought of, the Class of '05 differs from all its predecessors, but in every other respect it is the same. Its members on arrival were just as green, just as "dumb" on the drill ground, and just as much elated at the prospects of wearing grey clothes and brass buttons. The satisfaction derived from the wearing of these grey clothes and brass buttons was, however, considerably diminished when they found out to what the wearing of the brass and gray made them subject. Drill and dress-parade every day soon deprived them of any delight they may have anticipated experiencing as they donned their pretty clothes, and some were actually heard to say that they wished they had never seen a grey uniform. But they soon became, in a way, accustomed to the duties required of them, and performed the more unpleasant with teeth set and eyes on the future. "What man has done man may do," became their watch-word and there the discontent ceased. Also, there were mixed in with the duties in such a manner as to give the necessary variety to the life, pleasure such as football games, Saturday afternoons in Lexington, and once a circus. In this manner, with the boys drilling, watching football practice and games, and dancing in the gymnasium on rainy days, the first four months quickly passed.

Then Christmas came and passed, hardly an event of much importance to most of us with the intermediate examinations in view. Before the examinations, however, the class held a meeting and elected Mr. John B. Glenn, of North Carolina, president, and Mr. Ralph G. De Voe, of Washington State, vice-president. With our best interests in the hands of these men, we have no fears for the future.

Then came the examinations, and, although very little can be foretold from the results of these, we have good grounds for hoping to do as well on the finals as any of our predecessors have done.

In athletics '05 has appeared both on the football and the baseball teams. In football we were well represented by Glenn, who, as full-back, distinguished himself in every game in which he played, and by Huddleston, who was substitute on the first team. There is probably more good football material in the class and it is expected to show itself next year. On the diamond, Jones, catcher; Gay, shortstop, and Glenn, substitute pitcher, are all members of '05. Baseball has been taking up much attention for the last month or two, but interest is now centred in something new.

A few months ago the remark was made by someone that the corps was to go to Charleston to the exposition. This faint rumor gradually gained strength; and a few weeks ago an order from headquarters was published setting forth the fact that we were actually to make the trip, leaving Lexington on April Twenty-first. This almost set the "Rat" Class wild. Now they would get a chance to show themselves in their fine uniforms and strike in the hearts of the southern "calic" large wounds, which would remained unhealed even after they had left until—well, until they had reached barracks again, anyhow. Now they would show people how V. M. I. could drill. But, alas! 'tis a sad truth that practice alone makes perfect and we are not *quite* perfect, so squad, company and battallion drill must be indulged in, in order that we may uphold our reputation of being the "West Point of the South." The date of leaving was soon changed to April 14, and drill must now be had whether the weather is agreeable or disagreeable. We have seen rather unfortunate so far as regards weather, but we still expect to make a very good showing, provided by honest effort we can do so.

The class has lost a few men since the beginning of the session; but with the new men who have arrived during the year, we expect to have an excellent class next year.

Now is accomplished the object of this attempt to record the events and incidents, feelings and thoughts of the Class of 1905; and there is nothing more to be said, but *au revoir*.

Historian.

AN A, B, C, OF THE V. M. I.



Is for Adams,
Who makes all our clothes;
He's bum on the fit, as everyone knows.

B is for Barracks,
So gloomy and cold;
To live in it long, one needs must be bold.

C is for calls
Which on the bugle they blow,
And down from our rooms and to classes we go.

D for the drum,
Which from our dreams parts us;
And from Bed to Reveille (unwillingly) carts us.

E for the ease
We never enjoy;
Take an old one's advice: leave this place alone, boy!

F's for the fame
Our alumni have won
At home and in all the lands under the sun.

G is for growley,
At the Mess-Hall 'tis met ;
Should you eat it you surely indigestion would get.

H is for Heaven,
To which you'll ne'er go
Unless you quit "cussing" and gambling so.

I 's for Inspection,
At which you may bet,
A pile of reports and demerit.

J is for June ;
It's then, you know,
We leave these digging and homeward we go.

K is for kisses
Which, the girls say,
They could bestow on cadets all night and all day.

L is for lates ;
We all like to run,
Although those penalty drills aren't a d— d bit of fun.

M is for marching,
At which we excel,
Although we do other things equally well.

N is for night
When, all duty over,
We put out our lights and crawl under cover.

O 's for the offices
Some of us get ;
But you won't catch me running—on that you can bet.

P 's for the Pen,
A most "illegent " place,
To compare which to this hole, would be a disgrace.

Q 's for the quill
The author did use,
Have you fault to find ; then please it abuse.

R 's for Rat,
A most miserable creature ;
He's bull-dozed by all, both student and teacher.

S is for Sunday
On which day we sleep ;
'Tis thus by resting, the Sabbath we keep.

T 's for tours
We all have to pace
With many a cuss-word and sour grimace.

V 's for the ancient V. M. I.,
A place not fit to praise,
Which in spite of faults some splendid men doth raise.

W is for wit,
A most excellent thing ;
Since we all lack it, its praises we'll sing.

X is for the unknown
We enter upon
When cadetship is over and real life 's begun.

Y is for you ;
And, reader, we ask
That you turn not away; you have near finished your task.

Z is for zeal
We have surely employed it
And hope, gentle reader, that you have enjoyed it.



The Future Generations.



Written for 1902 Bomb, by Gen. James D. Glenn, '71.



WHEN the present distinguished President of the Board of Visitors was a first classman, he was President of the Dialectic Society, and one night Gen'l Smith, "Old Spex," paid the society a visit and made the members a little talk, as only Old Spex could.

He spoke of the changes of time, and said that within twenty-five years there would probably be another Mr. Hamilton in the President's chair. Never was a presiding officer so put to the blush, and the members enjoyed his confusion very much.

Some time after this, "F. Loon" Pearson, the "Jacktown University Poet" of the class wrote a farewell address to the members of his class, who were also members of the Dialectic Society. One of the verses was as follows:

"Farewell to you who is the Boss,
In Hell holds the chief station,
'Old Spex' gave you the grins, 'old hoss,'
'Bout your future generation."

Those who were present will never forget how this doggerel brought down the house.

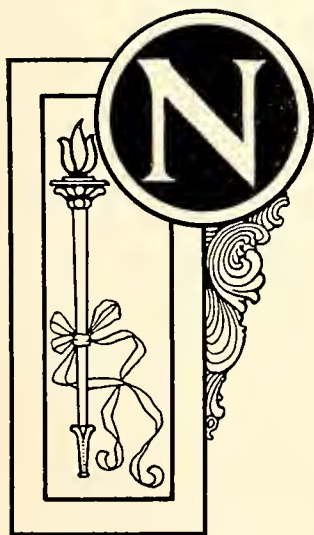




A BAD EGG

A Narrow Escape.

Written for the 1902 Bomb, by H. C. Preston, '77.



ALLE, F. ("Peter"), Courtney ("Monkey"), and Preston, H. ("Priestly"), were in the first class and roomed in 18.

Wade (2nd class) and Preston, W. B. (3rd class) roomed with us. 'Twas the Spring of 1877. "Peter" said to me one afternoon,

"Priestly, the 'Blackfoot' Minks are giving a 'Goat' supper to-night, and I am going up after taps."

I reminded Peter of the fact that it was but a short time until he would graduate, and urged him not to risk dismissal. But he said the Subs wouldn't inspect; and so he went. Anticipating trouble for Peter, I set about trying to save him in the event of barracks being inspected.

I slept in the back room on the floor; Peter slept in the front room on the table. Soon after taps he left for town.

I collected all the old and soiled clothes I could muster and made a "dummy" in my bed, finishing it up with an oilcloth cap cover on the pillow, showing just enough to have the appearance of the sleeper's head. Then I went and got into Peter's bed. I lay for quite a while hoping that Peter was right and that no inspection would be made.

I think I was dozing off when I heard someone whistling in a low way as he came along the stoop. Almost immediately after I heard the unmistakeable "tap-tap" of the Inspector on 12, 14, 16; and then Manson (now in San Francisco) bounced into 18. I lay still and slept (?) He passed quickly around the table into the back room—flashed his lantern around—and left.

I was up, had on my trousers, shoes, coatee and cap, was out of the window and on my way "up town" quicker than could be imagined. I ran all the way to the building in which was the hall of the "Alpha Taus"; and I dare say the inmates thought a cyclone had struck the town!

The way I showered stones "was a caution." I told the boys that the Subs were inspecting and they "lit out." I went back more slowly—I was "just bledged to," because my run up had nearly separated me from my breath."

The four boys got into barracks all right; but alas! three of them were caught and reported "absent from quarters and barracks after taps," and very soon suffered the penalty. I dare say that the present corps has *heard from* "legendary lore" what that penalty is.

Peter was not "caught," and in a month or two received his diploma.

I don't know whether or not Manson was ever told, but Nalle's diploma was saved by a dummy, made of dirty clothes, which Manson took for a sleeping cadet.

H. C. P.





Uncle Sam Has Eye on West Point of South.



MAJORS.

BLAIR D. TAYLOR, *Surgeon*.

J. D. POINDEXTER, *Surgeon*.

W. O. OWEN, *Surgeon*.

R. H. R. LOUGHBOROUGH, *Infantry*.

CAPTAINS.

L. H. STROTHER, *Infantry*.

W. N. BLOW, *Infantry*.

C. L. ECKURTS, *Infantry*.

C. P. JOHNSON, *Cavalry*.

S. D. ROCKENBACH, *Cavalry*.

G. E. PICKETT, *Pay Corps*.

L. F. GARRARD, *O. M. Department*.

W. E. COCHRAN, *Infantry*.

CHAPLAIN.

W. W. BRANDER.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

W. C. GEIGER, *Infantry*; (deceased.)

W. H. WILLIAMS, *Infantry*.

M. M. MILLS, *Artillery*.

J. D. TAYLOR, *Infantry*.

H. C. BONNYCASTLE, *Infantry*.

J. C. GOODFELLOW, *Artillery*.

A. ALOE, *Infantry*.

C. P. FAULKNER, *Infantry*.

F. LEE, *Cavalry*.

E. A. HICKMAN, *Cavalry*.

J. F. JAMES, *Infantry*.

N. R. CHAMBLISS, *Infantry*.

C. C. COLLINS, *Assistant Surgeon*.

A. M. SHIPP, *Infantry*.

C. E. KILBOURNE, *Artillery*.

H. WATTERSON, *Infantry*.

G. M. BROOKE, *Artillery*.

S. M. BOWMAN, *Artillery*.

H. COOTES, *Cavalry*.

J. D. FAUNTLEROY, *Artillery*.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

JOHN COOKE, *Cavalry*.

W. H. PEEK, *Artillery*.

J. O. STEGER, *Artillery*.

M. E. LOCKE, *Artillery*.

C. C. LANSING, *Cavalry*.

F. W. GRIFFIN, *Artillery*.

W. W. BALLARD, *Artillery*.

C. M. LEE, *Cavalry*.

S. G. TALBOTT, *Infantry*.

G. C. MARSHALL, *Infantry*.

R. C. MARSHALL, *Artillery*.

R. W. RENOLDS, *Artillery*.

E. BISCOE, *Artillery*.

G. A. DERBYSHIRE, *P. R. Regt.*

A. MORENO, *P. R. Regt.*

C. M. BLACKFORD, *Infantry*.

A. H. STEVENS, *Artillery*.

W. S. WOOD, *Artillery*.

C. D. WINN, *Artillery*.

N. R. JOHNSON, *Infantry*.

V. M. I. MEN IN NAVY.

J. D. GATEWOOD, *Surgeon*.

C. M. DEVALIN, *Passed Assistant Surgeon*.

C. D. LANGHORNE, *Passed Assistant Surgeon*.

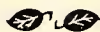
H. H. HAAS, *Assistant Surgeon*.

H. E. BISCOE, *Paymaster*.

J. Q. LOVELL, *Paymaster*.

P. MCCORMICK, *Lieutenant Marine Corps*.

The Gaits of the Military (?) Subs.



I.

Stocky, Oh, Stocky! with your square-topped pate,
To you the first verse we must dedicate,
For you rank all subs, you really do,
Though it's not at all to your merit due.
What a pity, what a pity, your shoulders aren't straight;
How sad, how sad, you have such a gait,
But still you may say (if it's any consolation)
You're the whitest little sub of your generation.

II.

Jimmie, oh Jimmie! what makes you waddle so?
Your walk would add interest to any old show.
Now of you and your toddle we're not making game,
For we know you are sensitive, but still all the same
There's room for improvement and much at that,
Brace up, J. J., for you walk like a rat.

III.

Hocky, oh, Hocky, dear little Hock,
You strut around barracks like a vain peacock.
We can never pass over such gross conceit
When you may be cured by a glance at your feet,
Your swagger is awful and seems to indicate
That to Hocky, at least, you look very great.
But to others you don't, and you ought to be told
To drop that rank stride before your're too old.

IV.

Buster, dear Buster, we can't leave you out,
Though we know you would like it without any doubt,
Of a man of your age we don't like to talk,
Even, though, he has a very bad walk.
Young men, by experience, can profit more or less,
So try not to follow the example of the rest.
Take our advice and in some future time,
There'll be marked improvement as we state in this rhyme.

T.

SOME HUMOROUS HAPPENINGS IN THE 70's.



(Written for the 1902 Bomb by F. H. C. Beberly '73.)



THE writer had the honor of graduating with the Class of 1873, the largest class ever graduated at Virginia Military Institute, except the "War" Class. My Class graduated fifty members. Looking back through a vista of thirty years many incidents of "Cadet life" are fresh in my memory as though I had received my Sheepskin but yesterday. It is only when I meet some old classmate with the frost of down-grade upon his hair or with little hair left, that I realize that the Cadets of my day have arrived at the top of the hill at "quicktime," and are now going down the other side at "double time," ever faster and faster as they near the valley below.

I recall many incidents which will serve to bring a smile to the faces of my old classmates, but space will permit me only a few here.

What Cadet of that day does not remember "Earl" Williamson, a big, good natured, red haired boy from Tennessee, as full of fun as a kitten?

The corps was in front of barracks for Supper Roll Call, as usual, one evening. A test of strength among the boys was to lift from its block the breech end of one of the large guns on the parapet. Several of the strong men had tried it, when the "Earl," approaching it with a confident air and the remark: "Stand aside, boys, and let a man try it!" The "Earl" bent his back in a mighty effort. The gun trembled on its block; a rending sound was heard. The "Earl's" coatee had split down the back from collar to waist. A shout went up from the boys. The "Earl" dashed through the arch for his quarters, followed by half of the corps, howling with delight. Just then the "fall-in" drum sounded, and the "Earl" lost his supper that night.

In the fall of '70 a gawky "Third Class Rat," E. S. Edmonds, now a prominent educator of Fauquier County, Virginia, entered my class.

"Ned" had quite a reputation at his preparatory school as an athlete, and especially prided himself on his fleetness.

Having reported to the Quartermaster and received his fatigue cap, Ned took his place in the awkward "squad," looking as stiff and miserable as only a V. M. I. rat can look, and was marched to the parade ground for drill. Having been put through the "setting up exercises" and marched at quick time, the squad was given "double-time;" Ned was file-leader.

When the squad was nearly exhausted, the command "quick time" was given. By now Ned's blood was up, and his pride as a runner was aroused. He thought this command meant to run faster and he "lit out;" the louder the drill-master shouted "quick-time" the faster Ned ran, until he finally ran entirely out of hearing. When looking back with a defiant air towards the drill-master, he remarked to the writer who happened to be near, 'he'd show that duck he could not outrun him if he was a rat.'





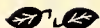
Sonnet to Poe.



Melodious Poe, whose songs our minds enthrall,
With music such as never yet was sung,
Enchanted, listening to your flowing tongue,
It seems our spirits soar aloft and all,
The world doth change at your harmonious call!
Too soon had you the melody all wrung,
From out the Muses, then though still so young,
They took you home to their celestial hall.
And there, methinks, in spirit land you rest,
With Homer, Virgil, Milton, poets sent,
From Ancient World, who should it represent.
But last, Columbia's land, the New, the best,
To that high throne has sent her singer, you,
To teach the Old the greatness of the New.

N. C. Harris.

To the Gim.



I.

Thou rulest with a sovereign power,
And feelest not afraid
To give us powders made of flour,
And pills composed of bread.

II.

You dose us with your compound pills,
For headaches, bruises, sprains;
You pour them down for all our ills,
For measles or chillblains.

III.

You fuse out when we're nearly dead,
And ride us when we're shamming,
What wonder your devated head,
Receives a lot of damning.

IV.

We go to you with chills and fever,
You most deceptive curer,
You act the part of base deceiver,
And give us *aqua pura*.



Athletic Officers.



I. B. JOHNSON, '02, *President.*

S. S. LEE, '03, *Vice-President.*

FOOTBALL.

I. B. JOHNSON, '02, *Captain.*

M. I. FORBES, '02,	} <i>Managers.</i>
E. R. DE STEIGER, '02,		
H. L. FLOWEREE, '03,		

BASEBALL.

I. B. JOHNSON, '02, *Captain.*

B. H. TUCKER, '02,	} <i>Managers.</i>
A. A. ADAMS, '02,		

ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

FROM FACULTY.

COL. N. B. TUCKER, *President.*

COLONEL NICHOLS.

MAJOR FORD.

FROM CADETS.

A. B. RAWN, '02.

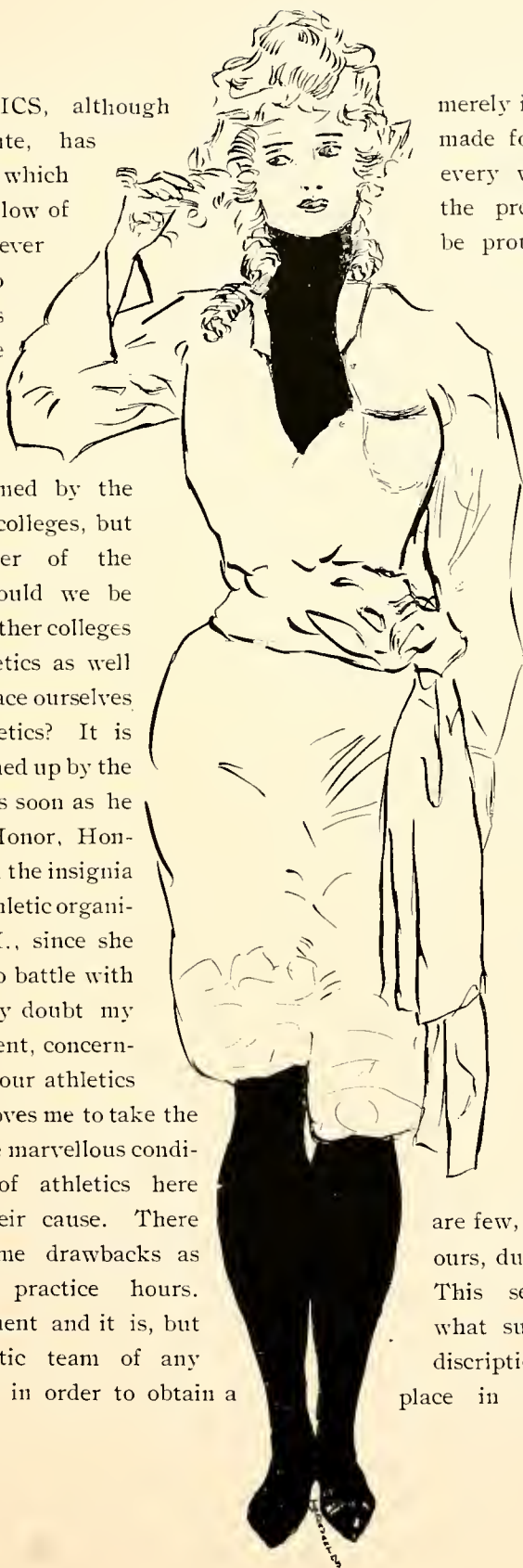
S. S. LEE, '03.

Q. C. LEFTWICH.

MEDICAL ADVISORY BOARD.

MAJOR HAMILTON P. HOWARD, M. D., *Chairman.*

ATHLETICS, although
 Institute, has
 tory from which
 white and yellow of
 future, will ever
 when one, who
 hence knows
 this, let me
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 deeds done
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 This has been the insignia
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 ing V. M. I., since she
 the field to do battle with
 Lest one may doubt my
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 feel proud of our athletics
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 in outline the marvellous condi-
 the lovers of athletics here
 perity of their cause. There
 have the same drawbacks as
 upon their practice hours.
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 Every team, in order to obtain a



merely in its infancy at the
 made for the school a his-
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are few, if any colleges that
 ours, due to a time limit set
 This seems like a very
 what such conditions mean
 discription is very great.
 place in the athletic world

must be most skilful and scientific in that especial branch which it represents. In order that it reach this degree of skill it is necessary not only that the theory of its game be most thoroughly understood, but, also, that this theory be applied in the most profitable manner and under the most beneficial circumstances. Since this must be admitted and since we speak in tones of highest praise of our athletic organizations—one may infer that we have reached this degree of skill and have conquered the athletic peers of the land. This can not be said. Nevertheless, what we have done has not only astonished those of our own class, but has placed us in a position of no mean prominence among the foremost college athletic organizations of the South. As is known, military life is one of activity, work and promptness. Owing to this fact there is hardly a day in the height of either the football or the baseball seasons, that we have two hours for practice. It may readily be said, also, that at least thirty per cent. of the participants in athletics here, have but half of this time, being detained, if not by military duties, by those of the academic department. Reviewing our results, obtained under these circumstances, the most adverse to any athletic organization, it is easily seen that the disposal of the short time given us is nothing short of miraculous. So much for the few and probably the most oppressive of the conditions of athletics existing at the Institute.

Let us now look to see of what our athletics consist. Probably the most striking feature of our athletics is that, which few, if any other college teams of the South can boast of, purity, cleanliness and freedom from all taint of professionalism.

Our best organized and most encouraged athletes are those who brave black eyes, bruised bodies and broken limbs as of football players. This game, as it is everywhere, is here the most popular of all athletic sports, and hence to it everyone during the season gives his thoughts. Especially is this so at the Institute. There, as September rolls around, hardly the first day's sun has passed the meridian, when, upon the parade ground, that has then for nearly three months been desolate of all the sons of V. M. I., there is heard the dull thud of the pig-skin, the swift patter of many feet, and, above all, the shriek of reprimand of the always dissatisfied coach. With each succeeding day the list of candidates swells, and long before the first month has expired, a team dignified by name of "Varsity" has been picked, and from this with many changes the "Varsity" proper is made up. This game has been played by an organized aggregation at the Institute for about ten years. During these ten years the team of each successive year has effected better results than that of the preceding year.

until last year, when for the first time it had fallen off. This was undoubtedly due to our mode of play, the same as that which disgraced "Penn" during her career last year, and not to green men, lack of practice, or inability of the coach, for all were comparatively the same as of the year preceding. Although we lost our most important game, the year was far from a failure, for the fruits of our labors were few defeats and many victories.

As the year rolls around and Spring comes the scene changes and we find on the parade ground instead of the long-haired, grimy pig-skin jugglers, the boys in knobby, loose-fitting blue uniforms with V. M. I. in bold red, white and yellow letters, worked elaborately across their shirt-fronts. Here if one could place fall with its football atmosphere beside that of Spring and the baseball atmosphere, the crowds that watched the games would be seen to be strikingly dissimilar. At the football game all is suppressed excitement, which at times overruns its limit and is expressed in ear-splitting cries of enthusiasm, while at the baseball games though the cries are still filling the air, they are given with less vim, more as an echo than as the "real thing," which shows at once the predominance of the football spirit over that of baseball.

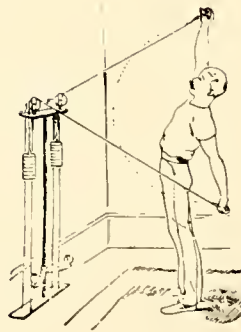
What has been said of our time limit in football season is even more severely felt during the baseball season, and is very fatal to the best efforts by the team. There is only one day during the whole week that it is possible for all the members of the team to be present at practice together. Such a state of affairs as this, as every one knows, makes it impossible for a first-class team to exist, for though not a more scientific game than football, it requires more time to keep in good practice. In former years the team has been fairly successful, and this year, from the list of candidates, it bids well to lead all the rest.

Among some of the most pleasant sports that have existed at the Institute, but which to the regret of us all, has become a thing of the past, was the Gymnasium Team. Its reputation extended far and wide and its exhibitions were always looked forward to with much pleasure and interest. These exhibitions have been for the last two years conspicuous by their absence, not on account of lack of interest but because of the unappreciative spirit of a few men shown in a disastrous manner to the gymnasium apparatus. In the future every cadet should take an interest in the gymnasium and see that the apparatus is used only for what it is intended and not as a prey for molesters and destroyers.

Other pleasant sports that have within the last six years been enjoyed at the Institute are golf and tennis. As yet no teams of either have been formed, but undoubtedly in the future with the increasing interest this will be done.

Viewing athletics at the Institute from all standpoints, considering the oppressive conditions existing, the inducements customarily offered to players by other teams, besides the real love of sport, and many other unmentioned local drawbacks that athletics have to fight, it may be said that our success is marvelous beyond all understanding.

A. B. R., '02.



V. M. I. Maxims.



Hearts were made to break,
Hands were made to squeeze,
Eyes were made to laugh and dance
And make men do as you please.

Ears were made to burn,
Feet were made to show;
Girls were made to flirt with men,
But men with girls—O no!

Eyelids were made to droop,
And cheeks were made to blush;
Hair was made to friz and curl,
And lips were made—O, hush!



FOOT BALL



I. B. JOHNSON '02, *Captain.*

E. R. DE STEIGER '02, }
M. I. FORBES '02, } *Managers.*

H. S. FLOWEREE, *Assistant Manager.*

SAMUEL WALKER (Penn.) '99, }
DR. BERT GARNETT (Penn.) '99, } *Coaches.*

LINE UP.

J. C. WISE, '02, Left End.
H. TUTWILER, '02, Left Tackle.
I. B. JOHNSON, '02, Left Guard.
J. B. WRIGHT, '02, Center.
R. F. BIERNE, '02, Right Guard.
F. M. RINEHART, '02, Right Tackle.
B. H. TUCKER, '02, Right End.
E. R. DE STEIGER, '02 Quarter-Back.
A. B. RAWN, '02 Left-Half-Back.
V. H. PERRY, '03 Right-Half-Back.
J. B. GLENN, '05 Full-Back.

SUBSTITUTES.

W. V. SMILEY, '02; S. S. LEE, '03; M. M. MILTON, '03; E. H. JOHNSON, '04;
G. S. DEWEY, '03; G. ROSS, '03; G. H. MOURNING, '04.

Schedule of Games.



HAMPDEN-SYDNEY,	0.	V. M. I.,	30.	Saturday, October	19.
GEORGETOWN,	5.	V. M. I.,	0.	Saturday, October	26.
RICHMOND COLLEGE,	0.	V. M. I.,	79.	Monday, October	28.
WASHINGTON AND LEE,	6.	V. M. I.,	46.	Monday, November	4.
UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA,	29.	V. M. I.,	0.	Saturday, November	9.
V. P. I.,	21.	V. M. I.,	0.	Thursday, November	28.

Baseball.



TEAM.

I. B. JOHNSON, '02, *Captain.*

A. A. ADAMS, '02,	} <i>Managers.</i>
B. H. TUCKER, '02,	

JONES, '05, Catcher.

CARNEAL, '03, Pitcher.

COOPER, '05, First Base.

I. B. JOHNSON, '02, Second Base.

LANGHORNE '04; Third Base.

GAY, '05, Short Stop.

E. H. JOHNSON, '04, Left Field.

CROWDUS, '04, Center Field.

ALLPORT, '04, Right Field.

SUBSTITUTE.

GLENN, '02.



ALUMNI DAY.



AMONG the days of the final week looked forward to with more pleasure and righteous pride than others is that set apart for the Alumni.

It is the day on which the sons of the Institute who have gone forth to make and preserve her honorable name are gathered together, bonded, so to speak as the Institute guard of honor.

It is the day on which men whose love for their *alma mater* is strong assemble in a body in the place in which they have spent four years of labor, the recollections of which, however, are always pleasant. They return to honor her who has prepared them and prepared them so well for life's battles.

We look with pride on that gathering and say of it, "I, too, hope some day to be among them."

These gatherings serve to forge stronger the tie that binds V. M. I. men together, and instill in us that together with others we are expected to preserve the general welfare of our institution.

There is nothing truer than "The child is father of the man," nor has this any after application than that with reference to this school and its graduates. Our institution is what its alumni make it. They have already made a school and a history than which no institution can boast a better.

V. M. I.'s fame is immortal.

Our alumni are in the front rank in all branches of life, among them are scholars, orators, warriors, patriots; they are all gentlemen, a proud boast, but a true one.

To welcome them and endeavor to make their visit a pleasant one is our duty and sincere pleasure. It is one of the greatest privileges that fall to our lot.



“How Happy He’d Been With the One Were T’other Fair
Charmer Away.”



I.

In ye olden times a hero lived,
Who loved two maidens fair,
And twixt his love for each of them,
Was not the difference of a hair.

II.

For Phyllis dear had silver rocks,
And Kate had golden curls;
And both were sprung from good old stocks,
And both fascinating girls.

III.

Now thus oft mused he to himself,
“I cannot have them both,
And if I propose to Phyllis dear,
Then will Kate be very wroth.”

IV.

At last this youthful Launcelot,
Near mad with loving these two maids,
Resolved to propose at once to Kate,
Before that evening’s shades.

V.

Proceeding then to Kathryne’s home,
He found dear Phyllis there,
And quite forgot his late resolve,
Both were so goodly fair.

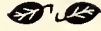
VI.

Both maidens heard his demi-vows,
With cheeks as red as wine,
And offering each, a milk white hand,
Each murmered, “I’ll be thine.”

R. F. M. '02.



THE OFFICER OF THE DAY'S INSPECTION.



A PARODY.

I.

Once upon a dark night dreary, while I pondered sad and weary,
O'er many reports and tours given more than once before,
While I nodded almost napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
Just like some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door,
Half asleep I said just muttering, "Open wide that chamber door,
Step right in as oft before."

II.

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
That the O. D. made dilemma rise my frightened face before.
Eagerly I wished the day light, then could I have seen the grand sight,
And he would have noticed great fright spreading all my countenance over
Fright so pure and unpretended such as neer he saw before,
Spreading all my features o'er.

III.

Thunderous the tapping grew and, doubting, no, not doubting more,
Up I jumped and finning said, "Sir, I your pardon do implore.
But the fact is, I was napping and so gently you came rapping,
And so lightly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I would have sworn it wa'n't you"—here he struck as not before,
Struck my head, and nothing more.

IV.

Then, methought, the stars came closer, said I to him, "No sir,"
Cheeky meant I not to be, but when you struck my door sir,
Nodding I thought not of V. M. I.—but dreamed of happy times gone by—
Forgive, forgive, I never all the time before,
Failed to rise—I ducked—again my head did feel a blow,
Out he stalked saying, "Fail no more."

N. C. Harris.



THE OLD GREY COAT.



A PARODY.

I.

I love it—I love it—that old grey coat,
I've worn it so often, it's quite worn out;
It's been darned and patched with black, white and grey,
But alas! it has left me and gone to decay.
It is bound by a thousand "reports" to my heart,
When I've written "excuses" till tears would start;
And the "Institute Records" will never forget,
When it was my coat, and I a cadet.

II.

I love it—I love it—ah! who can doubt,
Or chide me for loving that old grey coat?
I've loved and I've wooed in it, and who can tell,
How many a heart has been bound by its spell?
It has heard the "long roll" 'ere the last word was spoken,
And rushed to the "ranks" which alas! had been broken,
Though "Billy" should be angry, and "leave" term be out,
Like a friend it stuck by me—that old grey coat.

III.

Shoulder to shoulder, on parade and on drill,
The cadets of the V. M. I. wear the "grey" still;
Shoulder to shoulder, in battles loud shout,
Has victory triumphed in that old grey coat.
Who—who would not love it—the old grey coat?
It's crimsoned with heart's blood, ah! not for naught!
That old grey coat? The seal it has set,
I'll never, no never, no never, forget.

THE CADET'S PSALM.



I.

Tell me not in idle jingle,
Marriage is an empty dream,
For the girl is dead that's single,
And things are not what they seem.

II.

Married life is real, earnest;
Single blessedness a fib;
Ta'en from man, to man returnest,
Has been spoken of the rib.

III.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow,
Nearer brings the wedding day.

IV.

Life is long, and youth is fleeting;
And our hearts, if these we search,
Still like steady drums are beating
Wedding marches to the church.

V.

In the world's broad field of battle.
In the bivouac of your life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a woman, be a wife!

VI.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act, act, in the living present,
Heart within, and man ahead!

VII.

Lives of married folks remind us
We can live our lives as well,
And departing, leave behind us
Such examples, as will tell.

VIII.

Such examples, that another,
Sailing far from Hymen's port,
A forlorn, unmarried brother
Seeing, shall take heart and court.

IX.

Let us then be up and doing;
With the heart and head begin;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to win!



Y M C A



THE Y. M. C. A. is the only religious organization in barracks. It is true we have to attend church every Sunday, but then we have to wear the uncomfortable coatee. The mere fact of having to march to church makes a great many wish they did not have to go. The Y. M. C. A. does not demand all this formality. Three times a week the boys come for a half-hour after supper and we have an informal meeting. The cadets take it by turns to address the Y. M. C. A. This gives every one a chance to state his views on any subject brought up.

This year the Y. M. C. A. has fallen off in some respects and has advanced in others. In years gone by there was held on the stoops, a prayer meeting. From carelessness, I suppose, more than anything else it has been discontinued. This is where we have been lacking. But we have had a weekly Bible class. I think on the whole we can say that there has been something gained.

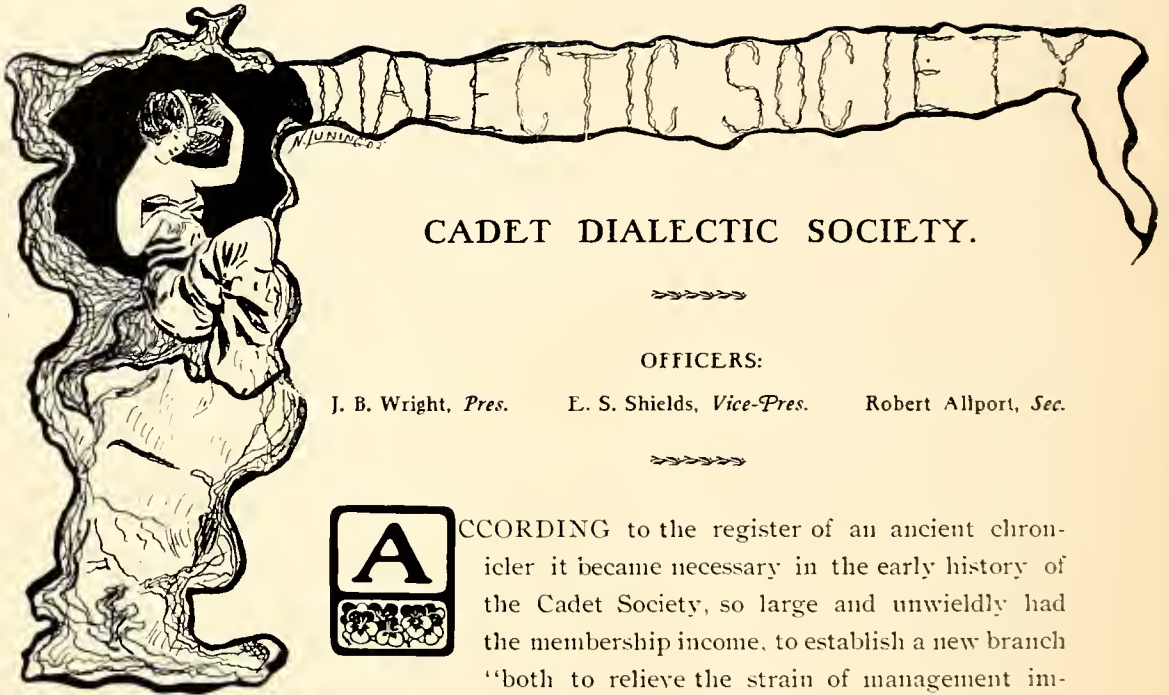
We are deeply indebted to one of the ministers of our community. His aid has been untiring. He has taken charge of the Bible class and every Thursday night he instructs us in this department.

We expect wonders next year. We have made several plans which we sincerely trust will materialize during the coming session. This year the election of officers has been different from heretofore. Before this year the president has made the selection of the officers to be nominated. This year he has consulted the first classmen who are regular attendants. First classmen are not eligible to office; therefore they constitute the committee on nominations.

In closing this brief sketch I should like to impress upon all young men the importance of connecting themselves with the Y. M. C. A.

M. B. M. '02.





CADET DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

OFFICERS:

J. B. Wright, *Pres.* E. S. Shields, *Vice-Pres.* Robert Allport, *Sec.*



ACCORDING to the register of an ancient chronicler it became necessary in the early history of the Cadet Society, so large and unwieldy had the membership income, to establish a new branch "both to relieve the strain of management im-

posed upon the old society by its successive numbers, and to arouse a spirit of rivalry by which the interest and progress of each might be promoted. This branch was called the Virginia Dialectic Society.

It is to be regretted that this interest and progress of former years has been for so long lacking, and that it became necessary to recombine the two organizations (a retrogression) which had for years stood alone in prosperity and success. Thinking that in the union of membership and the combination of talent, strength might be found, and that with a complete renovation in every department, activity and zeal would be promoted, the two societies united in the fall of nineteen-one. But with the poor support furnished and small effort put forth by the corps, the struggle of the society officers has been both discouraging and hopeless. The President and his associates, we must say, should be complimented upon the energy and perseverance manifested.

We are glad to note that, though the intermediate celebration was not practicable this year, the "Finals" will be held as usual with much show of success. We can only hope that the two societies may again be organized and placed upon their former footing as literary associations, and will in the future, as formerly, reflect honor and credit upon their founders.

FAN-



CELEBRATIONS

XX

Calendar.



Friday, June 20	Opening Hop.
Saturday, June 21	Society Hop.
Monday, June 23	Final German.
Tuesday, June 24	Alumni Banquet.
Wednesday, June 25	Final Ball.



THE COTILLION 1902 CLUB

UPSHUR '02

R. M. AUGUST, *Leader.*

HERBERT TUTWILER,	} <i>Assistant Leaders.</i>
A. B. RAWN,	
M. F. M. WERTH,	
W. P. UPSHUR,	

Members.

E. G. FLOWERS,	R. F. EASTHAM,	R. F. MAURY,
J. M. BARNETT,	E. D. JACKSON,	F. C. McCONNELL,
M. I. KELLY,	E. R. DE STEIGER,	J. C. WISE,
M. B. MARSHALL,	W. V. SMILEY,	A. A. ADAMS,
H. G. GARLAND,	J. B. WRIGHT,	F. M. PARRISH,
R. A. RISSER,	B. H. TUCKER,	R. M. BAILEY,
L. L. BASS,	I. M. RINEHART,	I. B. JOHNSON,
H. M. McCANCE,	H. W. STUDE,	M. I. FORBES,
F. B. DOWNING,	J. H. ROGERS,	S. S. LEE,
H. M. HOWARD,	B. C. LEWIS,	P. L. MINOR,
J. W. GLEASON,	F. R. MEGINNISS,	F. J. HEIBERGER,
A. L. JOHNSTON,	N. T. LUNING,	H. L. WERDEN,
H. J. GEIGER,	P. A. TILLERY,	C. W. HOLLINGSWORTH,
J. C. ALLEN,	MONTAGUE BLUNDON,	H. L. BISCOE,
C. T. JOHNSON,	A. C. PERKINS,	C. L. LAMONT,
	C. E. CANNON.	



J. H. ELLERSON,
President.

L. H. McADOW,
Vice-President.

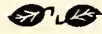
W. T. BLACKWELL,
Chief Marshal.

J. D. OWEN,
D. Q. BRIDGES,
W. MAHONEY,
O. A. LYNCH,

MARSHALS.

M. M. MULTON,
T. W. WHITE,
G. DEWEY,
T. DEWEY,
W. BOULDIN, JR.,
G. M. SHELTON,
C. S. MULLEN.

School-Girl's Account of Dress Parade.



Oh, Laura! I'm torn with eternal regrets,
That you have never seen the Cadets!
A million of worlds I would give—yes, and more,
If once you could see the magnificent Corps.
My heart burst with rapture to watch them—my eye
Flashed as never did sun in a mid-summer sky;
And when the stern heroes stood all in a row,
My cheek, with emotion, grew whiter than snow.
At the thrilling “commands” I was paralyzed—dumb,
Yet each pulse in my breast was outbeating the drum;
And then when they “double-quickened,” shrieking I cried,
They trotted so funny, I laughed till I died!
The squad they call “awkward,” oh, Laura, my love,
The tears of the angels might fall from above,
To see how they treat the poor dears! I declare
The officers leave on their heads not one hair
To drag them by! O, when I witnessed their pains,
Every drop of my blood turned to ice in my veins.

—*Hyperbole.*



Memorial Poem.



By James Barren Hope, Esq.



Read before the Board of Visitors, Faculty and Cadets, of the Virginia Military Institute,
July 4th, 1870.



I.

Speak to-day no word of buried hates,
But, of set purpose, turn with mournful eyes
To the dark days when the malignant Fates
Unloosed the bonds which bound the league of States
And flung a tempest o'er our troubled skies
Which spread and deepened as each angry flash
Was followed by quick darkness and the thunder's crash.



Its roar was heard through all the listening land,
No spot exemption from its wrath could boast
Men most remote from the surf-beaten strand
Stood like those miners, who, on Cornwall's coast,
Beneath the channel, hear the watery host
Of billows seething in their rocky beds
With many a moan and sob, far, far above their heads.

As the storm rose the tide of passion swelled,
So that each hamlet and sequestered vale
The angry billows in their rage beheld—
Mad waves up inlets by the gales impelled—
Before which came at last one tattered sail.
Ægeus-like our hopes went down as lead,
That mournful sail was black—our Thesius-cause was dead!

Among the episodes of those dark years
In which our State was bastioned by her graves
There is a picture that in flame appears—
A flame that one man's reputation sears—
A reputation which no soldier saves
By palliation. His the Cossack's soul,
And now his name is struck from Fame's fair muster roll!

Upon an ever memorable day,
Here, Alva-like his torch he lighted, and
Your walls, which then gave promise to grow gray
With useful years, were given to the brand:
A flame shot up which startled all the land—
Gave a new horror to the tragic scene
Which sought to rank this school with things which once had been.

One morn in its embattled pride it rose,
Virginia's banner floating o'er its walls;
The next day's sun a smoking ruin shows,
Its chiefest treasure snatched away by foes:
But here my curtain o'er the picture falls—
In charity all details I refrain,
Save this: Hubert's great bronze was on the spoiler's train.

'Twas then that men grew sick at heart to see
These lofty walls rise bare, and black, and tall,
Stripped of their pomp like some gigantic tree
Upon whose crest the lightnings spread their pall,
Leaving it blasted and prepared to fall.
Thus seemed this school. But one man saw it stand
Renewed, baptized in fire, an honor to the land!

Strong in his faith, unconquerable will
Enabled him with a prophet's ken,
To see new battlements adorn this hill
When the grim ruins saddened other men:
And those who can contrast the now and then
Best comprehend the courage of that mind
Which saw success achieved, when youth's brave eyes were blind.

Fain would I pause to tell how day by day
 He toiled to rear these walls in all their pride;
 Fain would I pause a tribute fit to pay
 Those earnest men who toiled on at his side,
 But for his sake, and theirs, I must elide
 The eulogy which strives my lips to part—
 Unspoken though it be, 'tis warm in every heart!

 And having scratched out with his sword's keen point
 That sad word "failure," which, alas! has put
 So many enterprises out of joint,
 He stamped his heel down upon "if" and "but,"
 The stones were quarried and the timber cut,
 And here we see beneath our native sun
 These massive walls which show how well the work was done.

 They are Virginia's ornament and pride,
 Upon them mother-like her eyes are bent;
 Her children love them from the water's side
 Up to these mountains, whose superb ascent
 Gives a fit site for such a monument
 As this, which rises here, august and vast,
 Each wall historic in its blazons of the Past!

 Each wall with frescoes of its own appears
 Painted by memory, till the panels blaze
 With pictures which wake triumph, or wring tears;
 And each grand scene grows grander as we gaze,
 Grandeur and wider, in the splendid rays
 Which dreaming Fancy, that Salvator flings
 O'er battle pieces where fair glory spreads her wings.

II.

See there! An April sun shines on the scene!
 Behold! It lights the mountain tops! See! it invades
 All the hushed valleys—purple-hued and green,
 And tender in their variegated shades—
 With beams that glitter like a squadron's blades—
 See how they flash out in fantastic play
 On a long line of steel above a line of gray!

Beardless the chins that proud battalion shows,
Health on each cheek and vigor in each limb,
And splendid courage on each forehead glows—
Each eye speaks out the language of a hymn,
Such as sung Korner ere his own was dim.
The patriot's valor warms each youthful breast,
Their State flag waves them on! Hope's plume is o'er each one.

Hark the command: The stirring drums break out
In martial clamor and with cadenced beat,
The serried column takes the mountain route.
Tears come to woman's eyes—tears proud and sweet,
For woman, when a sacrifice is meet
Sends up her prayer, and then looks on the steel
Unshaken by the axe, or yet, the hideous wheel.

Destined to march full many a weary mile;
Destined to bleed on many a stricken field,
The column plunges in the dark defile;
Taught how to strike, but never how to yield.
Too many sleep, each on his cloven shield!
The music dies. They go—a thoughtful man
Rides stern and silent with the disappearing van.

III.

Three years have passed. May tints the orchards' trees,
The valleys are all carpeted with grass.
The intervening years like storms on seas
Have fringed the beach with wrecks, and theirs, alas!
Are thick about them. Like a broken glass
Our broken fortunes multiply despairs,
But still we strive like knights who fight with splinters of their spears.

New Market's slopes before them sinking down,
Those gallant boys march on to fill one grave,
Or conquer in the battle. Stern and brown
Their boyish faces; but ne'er Scythian's drave
Their charriots with dark eyes more bright and brave
Than those of yon superb yet tattered band,
Ready to die, facing the foe, sword clutched in hand.

Heavy the odds! But when did youth count odds?

The fight sways forward, now reels back again,
In such a scene, we understand how gods
Flew from Olympus, or the angry main,
To thunder in fierce shocks on Ilium's plain—
The battle fever maddens like new wine,
To act red epics out, is more than half divine!

The dust of a long march is on their brows,
And though they form beneath a withering fire,
They need no battle speaker to arouse
Their splendid courage, or their heart inspire;
As comrades fall it only rises higher,
Shipp goes down wounded, but with flaming eyes
The line sweeps on—"Avenge him!" thundered Wise.

Two hundred muskets go into that fight,
Two hundred braves dash upon the foe,
Lost in a canopy of smoke from sight
Straight at two batteries valiantly they go—
Two hundred arrows, shot from battle's bow!
And there behold! Virginia, see thy sons!
Thy youthful warriors now are masters of the guns!

Two hundred went, but came not back. Alas!
One-fourth their number lie upon the plain,
Young Cabell's life blood dyes the trampled grass,
Boy Stanard's pours out in a crimson rain,
McDowell seeth not his home again:
But polished Preston 'scapes war's fierce alarm's,
To die at last within my Alma Mater's arms.

Give if you will tribute of your tears,
But friends, remember their's is a glorious sleep!
What mariner beset by toils and fears
Should envy those who slumber in the deep?
What vet'ran soldier should o'er heroes weep?
What Mother-State or Mother School despair
When inspiration such is borne on every air?

IV.

Their sleep is made glorious
And dead they'r victorious
Over defeat!
Never Lethean billows
Shall roll o'er the pillows,
Red with the feet
Of wars from the wine press
So bitterly sweet!

Sleeping, but glorious,
Dead in fame's portal,
Dead, but victorious,
Dead but immortal!
They gave us great glory,
What more could they give?
They have left us a story,
A story to live—

And blaze on the brows of the State like a crown,
While from these grand mountains the rivers run down,
While grass grows in grave-yards, or the ocean's deep calls,
Their deeds and their glory shall fresco these walls.

V.

Fain would I mention every separate name,
The homage of my heart bring to my lips;
But such an extract from the roll of Fame,
Who keeps the record at her finger tips
Would be like Homer's mighty list of slips.
Five score now sleep. Three hundred bear their scars
As decorations from the crimson hand of Mars.

So when I bring some hero's figure in
The frescoes which I paint upon your walls,
'Tis as a type of all. It were a sin
To slight the valiant dead upon whose palls
The reverential tear-drop proudly falls!
Each name I call is but the foam set free
Upon the billowy crests of one wave-broken sea.

VI.

Look there! A generous enemy might weep
 To mark those ragged, worn and hungry men
 Facing their death. They stagger as they keep
 Their line of battle. They are one to ten,
 The hunters track the lion to his den—
 A trampling charge! Artillery rends the skies!
 Alas! at Sailor's Creek the gallant Crutchfield dies!

His, all the learning of your varied schools,
 Polished by travel and improved by thought,
 His life shaped by the Decalogue's pure rules,
 With manly virtues was all richly fraught,
 This noble life his Mother State he brought;
 And when some Clarendon our history writes,
 His name will shine a star among our Falkland knights.

VII.

Long is the list of those whose names appeal
 For place within these rude cartoons of mine,
 Knights made upon the field by Glory's steel,
 Whose names like ever burning planets shine,
 Stars in our Southern Cross, ne'er to decline;
 But in a poem of the skies all flames
 Could not be called, nor yet in mine all their bright names.

The two brave Pattons and the Allens true,
 The valiant Crittenden and Chenoweth tried,
 Frank Smith, and Strange, and Edmunds rise to view,
 And gallant Mallory standeth side by side
 With the "Boy Major" who superbly died—
 Would I might speak the names of all the dead!
 Silent I stand. My heart uncovered as my hand.

Mark yonder General spurring to the front:
 At Boonsboro' his scattered column flies;
 That form has faced full many a battle's brunt!
 He rallies them! See victory in his eyes!
 And now, O God!
 No knightlier soldier ever fell in mail,
 Roll all your muffled drums! Let your trumpets wail.

VIII.

The sky grows darker and the end draws near,
 With each new day some lamp of hope goes out,
 Each bloody sun sets on some bloody bier,
 We rarely drive the enemy to rout,
 Nearer and nearer comes the foeman's shout,
 The blooms of victory in the valley fade,
 Saved not by Early's genius, or great Jackson's shade.
 Crowned by Fame. Rich in a people's thanks,
 That soldier sleeps, where mountains watch his grave,
 Like sentinels set round the James' banks,
 Which, as it were, in homage to the brave,
 Still for a moment its impetuous wave,
 Then rushes on, and as the Severn bore
 Great Wycliffe's dust, this bears his name from shore to shore.
 As our great river glideth swiftly down,
 Surging its song to mountain side and plain,
 In rustling grain-field and tumultuous town,
 Who listens long may hear, in clear refrain,
 The hero's words at Chancellor's again,
 Above the vocal stream they sing out high
 And, as of old, we hear the stirring battle-cry.
 On to th' Atlantic the dark current leaps,
 Another river and now its volume swells;
 Bright Chickahominy from its marshes sweeps,
 Eager to hear the story that it tells;
 Then Appomattox the swift tide impels
 On t'ward the sea, which pauses in its flow
 To hear the proud command, "Charge over friend or foe!"

IX.

But there are others who have claimed a place
 Within the hearts of Mother-School and State,
 Men who have stood serenely face to face
 With Death himself, and when benignant Fate
 Has left us, still heroically great—
 They live, to bid their country find surcease
 From her great troubles in her victories of peace.

Mumford and Cutshaw, early friend of mine,
And Walter Taylor, on whose brow we see
A civic wreath. Tane, worth a noble line.
Terry and Walker both may claim to be
Men who have bravely borne their destiny,
But when your Washington on Campus spreads
Your great Round Table, he will paint a multitude of heads.

X.

Midnight in June! Silence upon our host!
The lonely sentry in the starry light
Slow paces on his solitary post
And thinks, perchance, with dreamy, fond delight,
Of the dear sleepers in his home to-night!
In fancy sees his bright-eyed boys at play—
Alas! that sentry never sees the dawn of day!

The city's clocks are on the stroke of five;
Cocks crow in distant farm-yards all is well!
None dream that presently two hosts shall strive
Upon that spot as though some devilish spell
Had called up demons from the depths of hell.
A sudden flame! a muffled roar and—then
An awful silence for one moment comes again.

O! there is a wreck of bastion and redoubt!
And sudden death for soldiers in their sleep!
Then hid in smoke, with wild triumphant shout,
The storming columns through the sulphur sweep,
To take the lines it is not theirs to keep.
But would you see that wild, impetuous rush?
Go mark the canvas lit by Elder's magic brush!

Apollo shoots his blazing arrows down!
Two armies now are struggling for the prize.
Each fights as brave king would for his crown.
Red in his blood full many a hero lies,
White faces stare up blindly at the skies
In Jackson's stirrups, through the war-cloud dun
Here comes Mahone! Thank God the Crater fight is won!

Write down his name in letters of red gold!
Sing it in ballads, which shall never cease!
Till time shall end the story will be told;
How he took fame in fee, and not by lease—
How great he was in war, how great in peace?
But poor the picture of his humble line,
Beside the marble cut by gifted Valentine!

XI.

And last of all I humbly speak the name
Of one who dead, still lives; whose history flows
Like a white plume above the crest of Fame;
Whose fair renown forever spotless shows
Bright as some orb which on the gazer grows
As from the bosom of a stormy sea,
It climbs to float in Heaven's starlit infinity.

The valiant, thoughtful, Christian man who rode,
Sad years ago, forth with the youthful band
Of school-boy braves, from this calm abode,
Comes back to-day. I see his conquering brand
Keen as Durandal. His uplifted hand.
As Cromwell earnest; as Napoleon swift,
He was Goliath's force, with David's God-sent gift.

Before his image as before some saint's
In silence only eloquent I stand
Gazing upon his glory, Fancy paints;
But, could I hold my heart within my hand
Then I might hope to make you understand
All that I feel but cannot put in speech—
His battles sing for him, his private virtues preach.

Heap lace upon colossal bronze, and fling
Velvet on statue cut by Angelo.
But ask me not to picture Battle's King
Nor mark the avalanche which leaped below,
Nor paint the lightning whose wild flash and glow
With its great splendors dazzled Fame's own eye,
Alas! that Jove by his own thunderbolt should die.

“Die!” did I say? No! Stonewall Jackson sleeps,
Nor was my heathen image fit. It went
Wide of the mark. His sainted memory keeps
Its hold on us as that of pure knight bent
Upon the Quest. Full armed he left his tent,
With preparation of the Gospel shod
To find the Grail and everlasting life with God.

XII.

A modern painter on his canvass throws
A wonderful effect. His awe struck hand
The form celestial of his subject shows
By a great shadow. Beautiful and grand
His picture speaks a name all understand.
I know my work by his is poor and tame,
But by a shade I bring to view another name.

No need to speak it, and I speak it not;
Your lips all utter it in nightly prayers.
My little children never seek their cot
Ere they have begged their Heavenly Father's cares
For him who lives—last of the Cavaliers;
And oft they tell, in accents grave and sweet,
How our great Captain vanquishes defeat.

XIII.

My song is done. With our fair Troy a wreck,
Young brothers here, Æneas-like, we stand,
But on Time's sea there floats for us a deck.
The oars invite us and the sails expand,
To bear us from this desolated strand.
The past, Creusa-like, no more is ours,
But the Tuscan Tiber has its unplucked flowers!

Like the great hero, let us onward go,
A golden planet hangs o'er Ida's steeps,
Gilding the waters with a splendid glow,
Higher the Star of Hope its pathway keeps,
The keen prow to the calling leaps—
The future has its green, enameled sods;
Seek these—with Lee and Jackson's as your household gods.



Cupid.



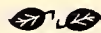
Dan Cupid beheld on her cheek the red flush,
 “’Tis sign on a war. She doth challenge, I see.”
His arrow he aimed and away it then rushed,
 And gladly he danced in his merriest glee.

But he stopped his wild prance, and in mystery beheld
 The dart as it struck and then split! But behold!
Dan Cupid now blushed, he who knew so well
 Had shot at the paint of a seventy-year-old.

—*N. C. Harris.*







The Members, President and other Officers of this Secret Organization will not allow their names to be divulged, but are all well known to us by reputation.

Cooking Club.



ALPHA CHAPTER.

ROOM 100.



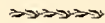
BETA CHAPTER.

ROOM 108.



GAMMA CHAPTER.

ROOM 32.



DELTA CHAPTER.

ROOM 78.



FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

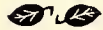
J. J. MARSHALL. J. W. HYATT.



FRATRES IN URBE.

HOLMES AND ROWLAND—"Squire."

Don't Hurry Club.

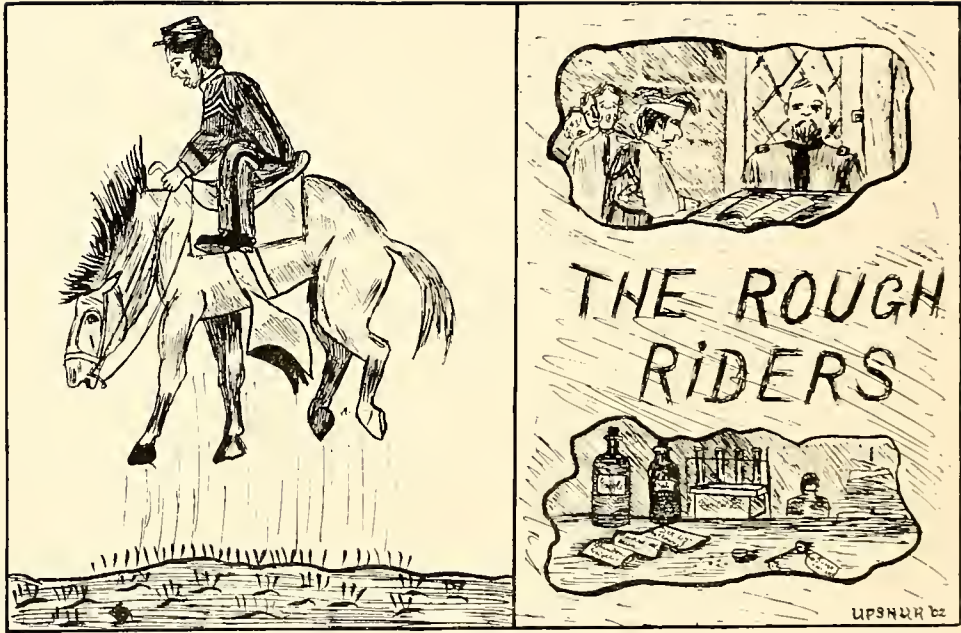


FOUNDED 1899.

A society organized to check the growing evil of hurrying and which has, during its short but brilliant career, done much to accomplish this result.

Chief-High-Tortoise, - - H. M. HOWARD.





Performances daily at 7.30 A. M., in Surgeon's office with occasional matinees directly after dinner.

Among the more noted equestrians are the celebrated performers Col. F. C. McConnell, Majors Allen, Kelley, Flowers and Rogers, all of whom have performed the remarkable feat of riding, bare-back, the celebrated broncho "Hammy P."

Engineers.



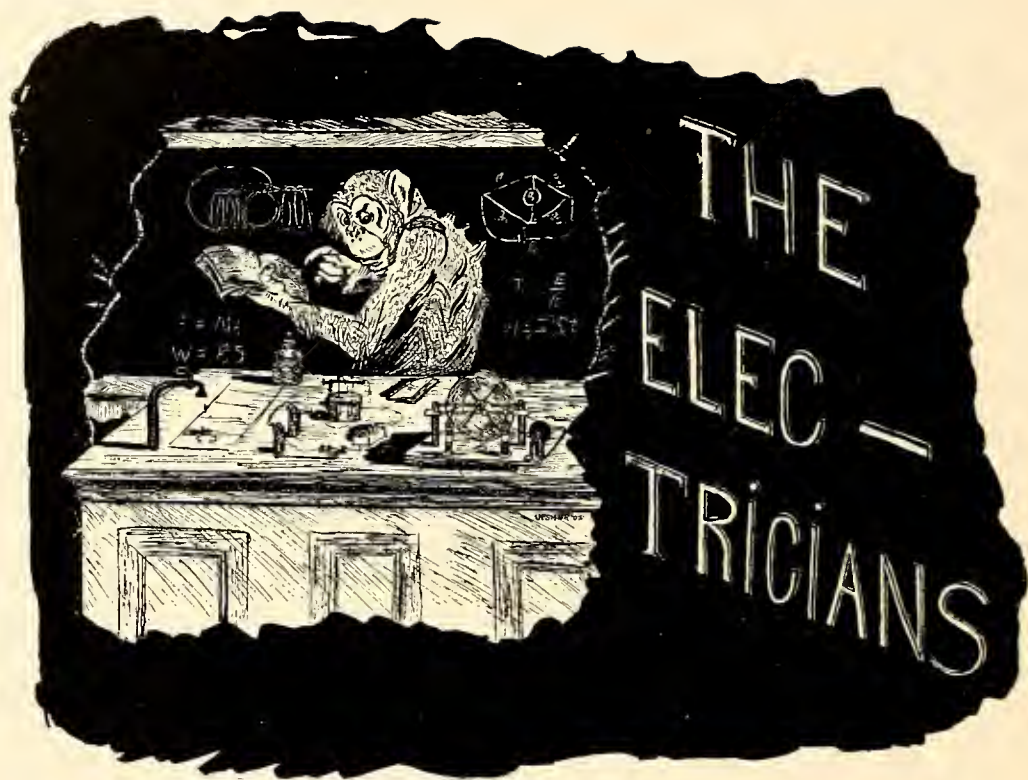
Instructor, "Bobby Marr;" ably assisted by Patterson.

Organized for the purposes of conviviality and for swapping of good yarns and has been a training school for a small army of after-dinner speakers, who have since distinguished themselves at the Latos Club and elsewhere.

MEMBERS.

All members of the first class belong to this organization with the exception of those poor outcasts who were foolish enough to take either Electricity or Chemistry and thereby forfeited their rights to our fellowship.





DIMINUTIVE "MONK," *Instructor.*

MEMBERS.

FAVORITE OCCUPATION.

"UNCLE PAT" TILLERY,	Starting the Engine.
"PATRICK MURPHY" MEGINNISS,	Connecting the Apparatus.
"LANG B——" JOHNSTON,	Tracing the Current.
"FRINK" PARRISH,	Manipulating the Bus-bars.
"HOOLIGAN" ROGERS,	Looking On.
"BOW-LEGS" BASS,	Reading the Ammeter.
"BILLY GOAT" WERTH,	Recording Notes.
"TINY T ² MARSHALL,	Reading the Voltmeter.
"NIGGER" LEWIS,*	Polishing Apparatus.
"BUGS" FLOWERS,	Questioning Monk.
"PRINCE TANK" UPSHUR	Helping "Hooligan."

*Janitor.



MEMBERS.

"Long-nosed Sarge," Smeller of the Fumes: - - - *"A nice odor."*

"Percy Sweet," Wielder of the Stirring Rod: { *"I'll be ——— if I let them impose upon me."*

"Molecular Max," Commander of the Club: - - - *"I'm not so small."*

"Lauky Cribbs," Originator of Stunts: - - - *"Have you seen this one."*

"Butch," Chief Titrator, - - - - - *"Watch out for the Colonel."*

MOTTO:

"ROUGH ON RATS."

Most persistant visitor, "Hammy P."

Most timid visitor, "Tolly."



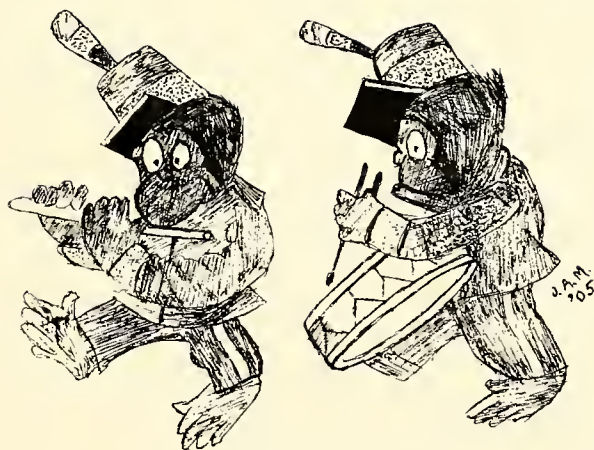
R. M. BAILEY, *President.*

ROY M. BAILEY, *Vice-President.*

ROY MAYDWELL BAILEY, . . . *Keeper of the Green.*

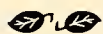
MEMBERS.*

*No one has yet joined.



How It!

The Graduating Class.



One home, one life for years—and then
Each cherished tie to sever ;
It may be, oft to meet again—
It may be, meeting never.
For friends must meet, and friends must part
And hearts with feeling quiver,
Till pure from earth they find a rest
Unchanging and forever.
Then may we on life's battle-field
Be to our colors loyal ;
We know we serve a Sovereign Prince,
And His rewards are royal.
To every roll-call still be true,
Our will to duty bending,
Till the last reveille shall mark
A day that knows no ending.

IN
LIGHTER
WEIN



In Lighter Vein

COL. T.—Mr. U——, what is a Protozoan?"

CADET U.—"An animal that has been found in some parts of Europe; it has an elementary canal with two external openings and a persistant monochord."



T.—"Say, Homitz, what would you call a German Jew from Jerusalem?"

HOMITZ.—"I would call him Toot-wiler."



COL. NICHOLS (*lecturing on the requirements of a good field fortification*). "The prime requisite, in my opinion, is a ready exit in the rear of your works."



COL. J.—"What is a hydrated mineral, Mr. S-i-e-y?"

CADET S-I-EY.—"One that is made up of hydrogen, sir."



COL. P.—"Boo! Boo! The man that made that noise was a scoundrel; and if there was more than one there were two scoundrels."



CADET G-E-S-N.—"Mud at the bottom of the river is mud."



Romance in Ten Words.

June,	Moon,	Nau,	Dan,
Walk,	Talk,	Kiss!	Bliss?
Fled,	Wed.		

M. F. C.

6



COL. SEMMES.—"Mr. M-g-n-i-s, what part of speech is *tout*?"

CADET M-G-N-I-S.—"A noun, sir."



COL. SEMMES (*satirically*).—"Have you ever seen an all?"

CADET M-G-N-I-S.—"Yes sir. In a shoemaker's shop."

Suppers in Charleston.

First night, at the St. John,	\$ 1.50
Second night, at the Charleston.	1.00
Third night, at the Argyle,75
Fourth night, at the Japanese Restaurant.50
Fifth night, at the Exhibitor's Club,25
Sixth night, Hot Roast Beef Sandwich,10



STEINY (*complainingly*).—The corps ought to gif me a silver pugle.

CADET A.—What the D—— are you going to do with it, blow it in H——?

STEINY.—Yes, and by G—— if you don't look out I'll run you late.



COL. T.—Mr. W——, what is Turquois?

CADET W. (*being awakened by a bench-mate*).—Beg pardon, sir."

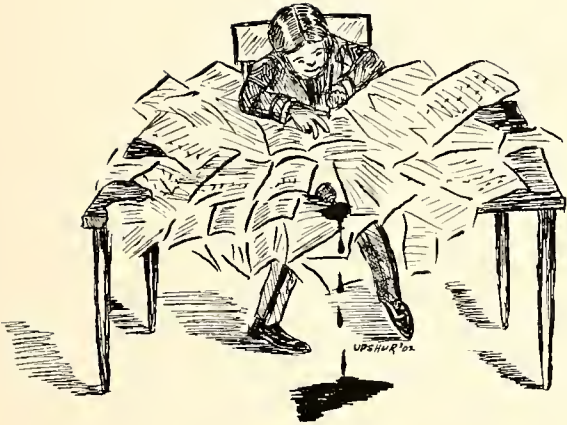
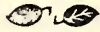
COL. T. (*frowning*).—TURQUOIS?

CADET W.—A red "Jim" Col.



The shades of night were falling fast,
As round the stoop old "Tycho" passed,
With forty guns upon his back,
And as many Cadets on his track.

SOME NONSENSE.

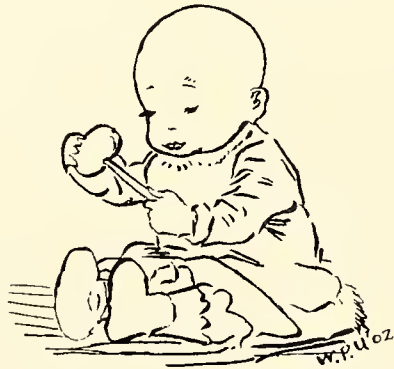


I.

There was a young Q. M. named Brahe,
Who wrote forty letters a day,
From dawn until night,
It was his delight
To sport with the Muse in this way.

II.

There's a cute little fellow named Hugh,
Whose picture is always on view,
In the backs of all books
Where he shows by his looks,
What a Mellin's Food diet can do.



III.

A young man named Dice growing bold,
Tried to see how much coffee he'd hold,
At the forty-ninth cup
Poor Blundon blew up,
And so there's no more to be told.

IV.

There's Die Metzgie from far Borneo,
Whose locks are the color of tow,
Great crowds he now draws
And the wildest applause,
In Barnum and Baileys great show.



VI.

There was once an old man named Pat,
Whose Charleston trip taught him that,
When buying a ring,
To be sure of one thing,
Or else would the purchase fall flat.



V.

Then here's our Kentucky hobo,
A leader in fashions you know,
A "raglan's his choice
If you give him a voice,
He's a "bird" from his head to his toe.



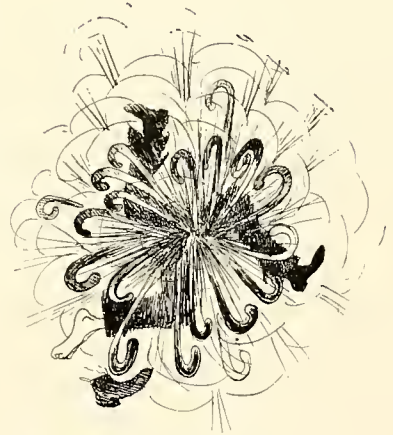
VII.

Of golfists this one is the cream,
 He is called little Roy it would seem,
 "Durn" he once cried
 When the game he first tried.
 "If I foozle again, I shall scream."



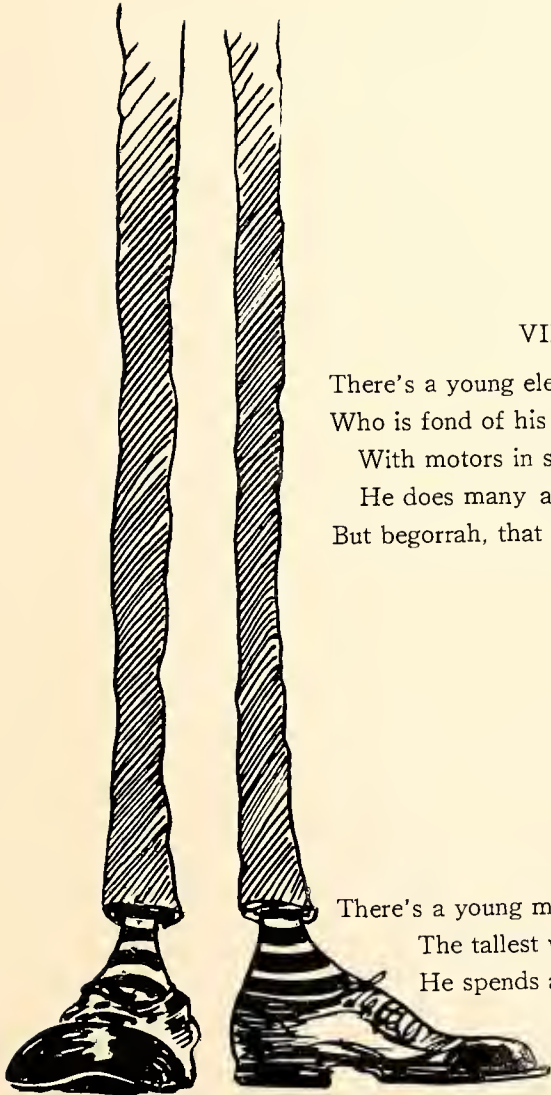
VIII.

There's a young electrician named Pat,
 Who is fond of his joke, sure he's *that*
 With motors in shunt
 He does many a stunt,
 But begorrah, that nothing to Pat.



IX.

There's a young man from Texas, called Hoss,
 The tallest we've e'er come across,
 He spends all his dollars
 On very high collars,
 But on class rings he makes up the loss.



X.

There was a young man named Eugene,
 I am sure you will know whom we mean,
 His letters, each day
 From the fair sex, they say,
 Come in batches of about seventeen.



XI.

There's our Afro-American friend,
 Somey Zulu with names without end,
 He's from far Tuskegee,
 Where he helped Booker T.
 Teach the coonies their bad ways to mend.





Who's What and Why at the V. M. I.

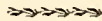
(Apologies to Wilberforce Jenkins.)



THOMAS M. SEMMES, M. I. G. [Made in Germany.]



ORN a professor at the V. M. I. where he has remained every since. His nurse was curiously startled when at the age of five minutes, he exclaimed as he pulled a handkerchief from some unknown source, "I cannot conceive for the life of me what the matter is with this milk," and then turning to her made the request that she discuss the passive voice in German. On reaching maturity he was put in charge of the German course at the Institute and has succeeded admirably until his encounter with the second section of the present First Class, which, showing great want of good taste and ponies, balked at Heine. Deserves great praise for the splendid way he keeps his recitation roster, although an occasional slip has caused many an unfortunate 3. His chief work is an epitome of the German Passive, (Chas. Harper & Co., \$75.00) in forty large volumes.



EDWARD W. NICHOLS, F. M. A.

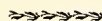
First born in the B. C.'s, when he was popularly known as Demosthenes and in this existence was chiefly noted for his eloquence and his pebble chewing habit. Next born in the 50's and modified his habits to suit the times and now chews "Schnapps" and "R. J. R." His eloquence still clings to him, although it has become slightly rusty during the lapse of years. His friendship with Archimedes in his prior existence turned his thoughts to Mathematics; and he pursued the study of this subject during his present life and has derived great

credit from publishing in book form some of the ideas he shagged from his learned contemporary. Has written a short novel entitled, "My Kittenish Ways, or How I Shook a Foot in the Gym."



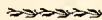
ROBERT A. MARR, P. G. F. (Prince of Good Fellows.)

Born on the summit of Mt. Shasta, where he at once established a triangulation station, and has been establishing them ever since. Once attempted to "broaden out" an excessively dumb cadet, who would not "come with him," by means of a steam roller, an incident which got him into trouble with the authorities. Has more true friends and more good stories at his disposal than anyone I know. Wore off all the rough places in his nature and epidermis sliding down glaciers on a dictionary and is now the "mildest mannered man in the world." Author of "The Humor and Pathos of Tight Shoes."



BEVERLY H. TUCKER, F. R. S. (Frigid Rhombic Sphenoid.)

Chrystallized from an acid solution during Palæozoic times; and an acid radical and an intimate knowledge of the life at the period of his maturity has remained with him to the present day. Has settled down at the Institute where he treats us to daily feasts of learning and 3's acting host with uniform suavity and a mildness of manner that wins all hearts. Has the honorable distinction of being the only man who has bluffed 'o2. Best known by his works: *Phillipsia Bufo*, or the Last of the Trilobites, (Street, Smith & Co., 10 cts.,) a thrilling romance packed full of exciting adventurers from cover to cover, describing the wanderings of *Phillipsia* over the tractless wastes of the interior sea pursued by his arch enemy *Actenaptarygian*. In striking contrast to this is his other work from the same publishers on *Palacozoic Heraldry* with lists of all the oldest families including, the *Olenuses Palacorchinoids*, the *Pedtrimites*, and *Smiths*. Both these works will repay perusal.



HUNTER PENDLETON, B. B. (Boo Boo) R. A. T.

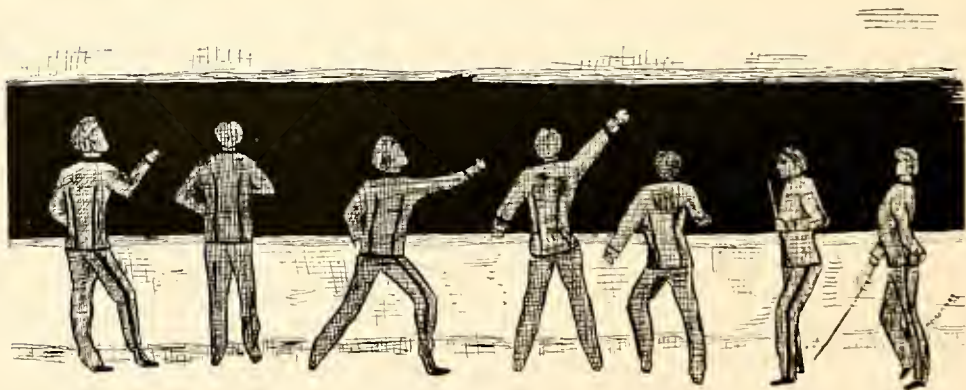
Born some time ago, so we presume, and in his earliest infancy cultivated the study of Chemistry, being influenced largely by his playmate, old Doctor Bunsen. It was during this period of his career that he first learned to use the exclamation that has since brought him fame and fortune. An excellent *reconteur* but a "repeater." His principle work is a short novelette entitled,

"My Desperate Encounter with Diacetylphenolphthalein" written for the young people, but which will be enjoyed by their elders as well.



FRANCIS MALLORY, Sc. M. E. P.

Discovered by Prof. Garner during one of his earlier tours of the dark continent and brought to this country, where he has become thoroughly domesticated and has even received an education. This phenomenon has wakened the amazement of the scientific world by his marvellous researches in the line of electrical endeavor. Captain Milton, his keeper, claims for him great mechanical as well as electrical genius, and predicts that he will some day be classed with such electric stars as Tesla and Marconi, and we see no reason why such a prophecy should not be fulfilled. Still preserves remnants of the jungle temper, but has become milder as he becomes more civilized.



Interrupted Dreams.



I.

All quiet and silent in barracks to-night,
No sound save the night wind's soft sighing,
The tramp of the sentinel walking his post,
Or some one to his challenge replying.
The moonbeams are falling on tower and wall,
And falling in silvery glory,
They light up the old barracks as wondrously bright
As the castles enchanted in story.

II.

'Way up on the fourth stoop, curled snug in his bed
A golden-haired younster is sleeping,
Where through latticed window on white pencilled walls
The moonbeams so slyly are peeping.
They fall on the floor with a soft mellow light,
And o'er that slight form faintly gleaming,
Show the bright happy smile playing over his face,
For golden home visions he's dreaming.

III.

Yes, he dreams of his home in the far Sunny South,
Where the orange trees ever are blooming;
Where the laurel and myrtle so fragrantly sweet,
The soft sunny air are perfuming.
He dreams of the time, now forever gone by,
In the halcyon days of his childhood,
When he gathered with pleasure a child only knows
The beautiful flowers of the wild wood.

IV.

He dreams of the homestead, the sweet vine-clad door,
Invitingly tempting to enter;
Of the old fireside in the snug cozy room
'Round which many memories center.
He dreams of his father, his sister and brother,
And a smile inexpressively tender
Plays over his face as he murmurs the name
Of his mother, may heaven defend her.

V.

He dreams of another—his own little girl,
With hair of such bright golden hue,
Who told him when last she bade him good-bye,
That she would forever be true.
He sees her sweet face in his vision so fair,
He hears her sweet voice in his ear;
He presses her hand to his lips as he sleeps,
Though far away, still she seems near.

VI.

He forgets about French, and Latin and "Math,"
Guard duty, inspections and drilling,
They've all passed away like the mist of the morn,
And O, he's only too willing.
But ah, for the dreams, the moonbeams and all,
Alas, they are only too fleeting;
He wakes with a start, his pleasures have fled,
Down below the dread "rev" drum is beating.



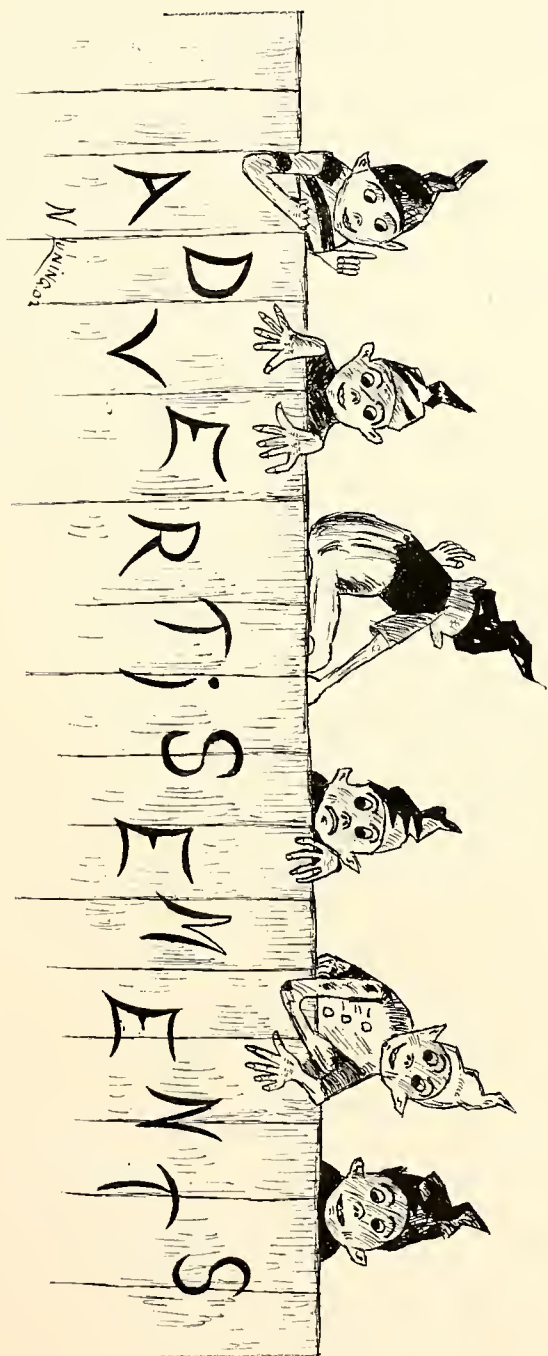


*The Editors wish to
express their appreciation
to Capt. Stockdell for
his able assistance and
advice.*



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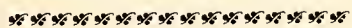
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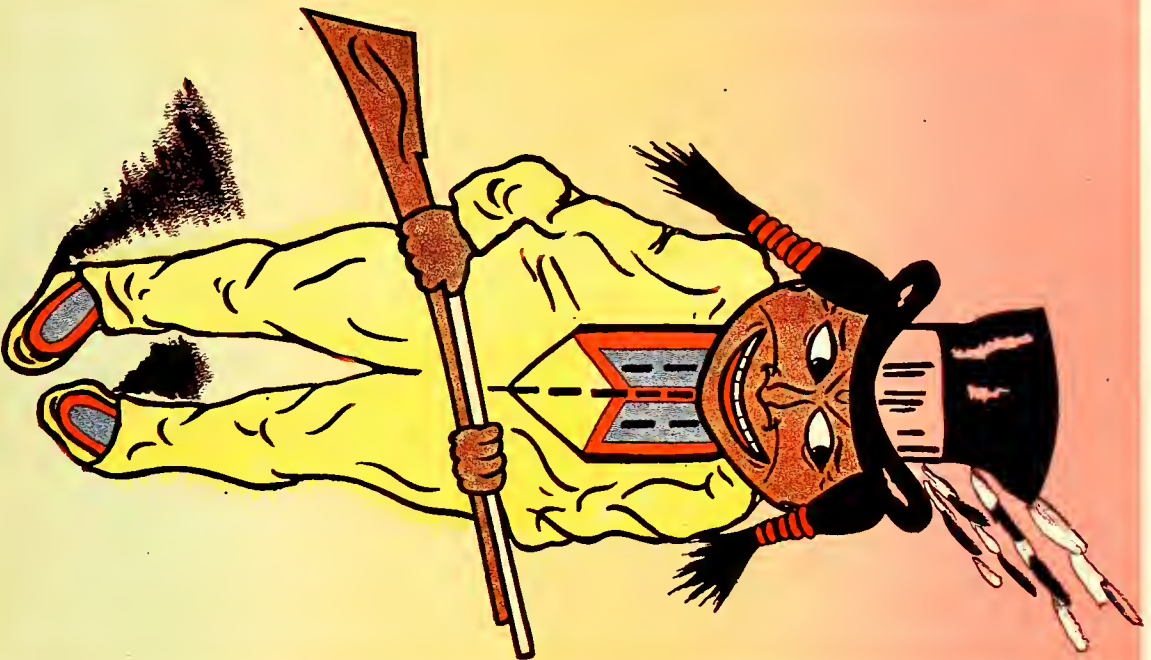
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" 30.00.....	12 "	" 100.00.....	30 "

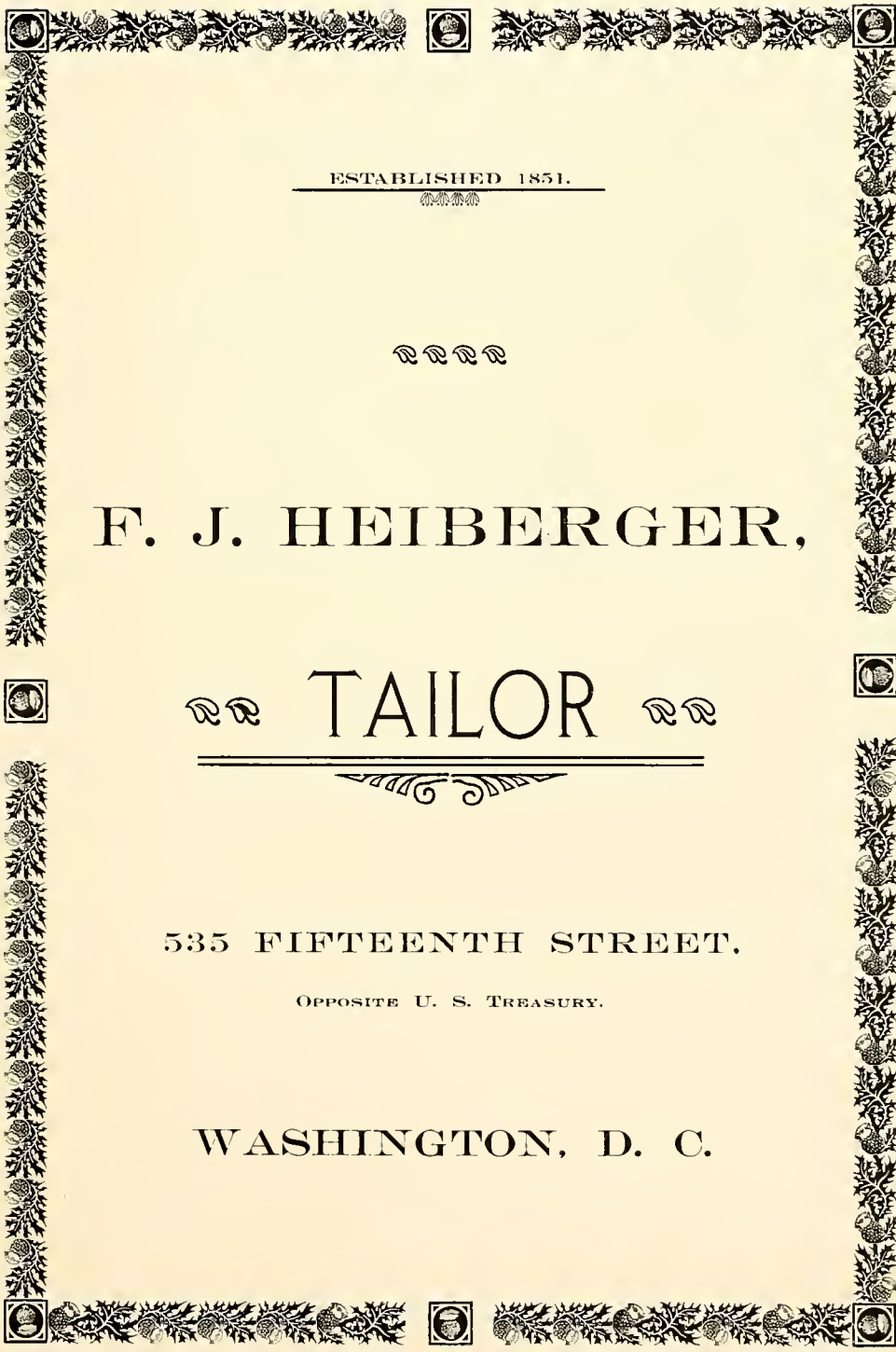
C. S. LOOP, Traffic Manager.



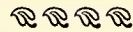
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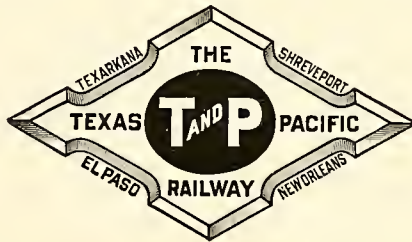
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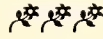
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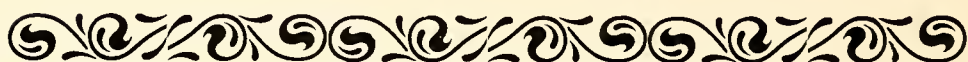
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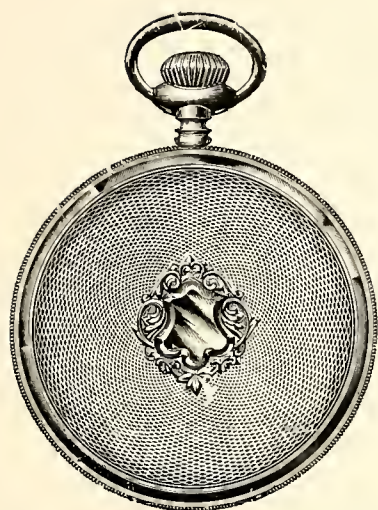
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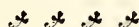
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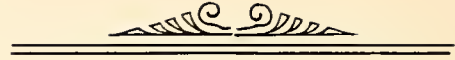
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